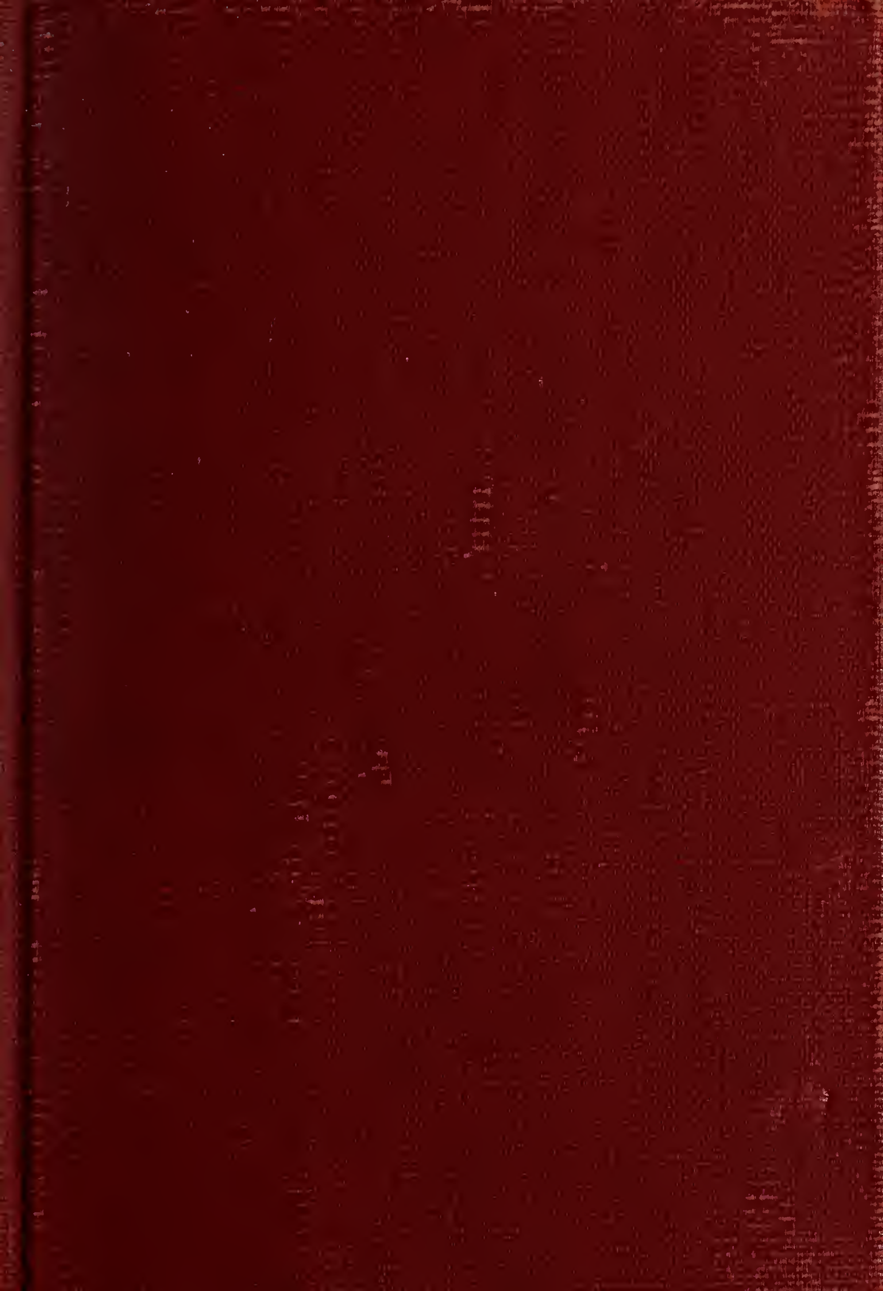


THE

ADVENTURES AND RECOLLECTIONS

—OF—

GENERAL WALTER P. LANE,

A SAN JACINTO VETERAN.

CONTAINING

Sketches of the Texian, Mexican, and Late War



SEVERAL INDIAN FIGHTS THROWN IN.

MARSHALL, TEXAS:

Errata.

. page 26, lines 11 and 13, it should read *Ionies.*
" 30, line 13, it should read *Ionies.*
" 36, " 11, name of river should read *Medina.*
" 40, " 26, it should read *Nelson* instead of Wilson.
" 52, " 33, it should read *hand-gallop.*
" 58, " 11, it should read *Form double file!*
" 82, " 28, it should read *rear* instead of safeguard.


MOSS.ENG.CO.N.Y.

THE

Adventures and Recollections

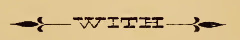
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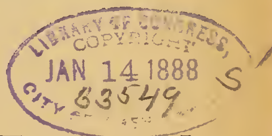
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Several Indian Fights Thrown In.

MARSHALL, TEXAS:
TRI-WEEKLY HERALD JOB PRINT.
1887.

DEDICATED

To My Old Friend and Veteran Comrade, Major John Henry Brown, of Dallas, Texas:

You told me, long ago, Major, when I asked you where you got the numerous incidents in your histories, "I keep them in the back of my head." I fear that when you have read the crude production I have taken the liberty of dedicating to you, you will think the storehouse I have drawn my inspiration from was sparsely filled; but such as they are, I send them to you with best wishes and kind regards of

Your Old Friend,

WALTER P. LANE.

PREFACE.

The following pages of Personal Recollections are written by a gentleman, Gen. Walter P. Lane, whose life, from his boyhood, has been full of adventure and vicissitude. Coming to Texas when a youth of nineteen years of age, his career from that time to the present—embracing a period of more than half a century—has been replete with "moving accidents by flood and field." He participated with distinction in the battle of San Jacinto, which decided the independence of Texas; served as major of a regiment during the war between the United States and Mexico; and in our late civil war was, at its conclusion—which ended so disastrously for the cause he espoused—in command of a brigade.

The book is also liberally interspersed with accounts of bloody conflicts with the Red Man, which will prove, in our opinion, as entertaining as the most thrilling scenes of a like character in Cooper's novels. Indeed, so many of them read so much like romance that, to those unacquainted with Gen. Lane's character for truthfulness, they might appear incredible; but there are living witnesses who vouch for the correctness of nearly every incident which appears marvellous. Not only are the warlike recollections highly in-

teresting, but those of a civil character will amply repay a perusal.

These recollections might be styled semi-historical, for while the writer does not assume to write history, there is much of history in the little volume, but narrated in a manner to give it a charm superior to *dry* history, and it is, therefore, adapted to the entertainment of those minds which have neither the inclination nor time to read what a large number consider dull reading.

This little book, while unpretending, is not only not tedious, but diverting, and will, we are confident, be received by the reading public with pleasure and gratification.

J. W. P.

Marshall, Texas, Dec. 23, 1887.

WAR FOR TEXAS INDEPENDENCE.

Starting from Wheeling, Va., in the Fall of 1835, on my way to Texas, I stopped at Louisville, Ky., where my brother, Wade Lane, then lived. He partly put the notion of Texas out of my head, and gave me a clerkship in his house. He and I boarded at Chief Justice Marshall's. In a few months two gentlemen from Texas came to Louisville, Gen. Stephen F. Austin and Dr. Branch T. Archer. Judge Marshall introduced me to them, telling them of my wish to go to Texas. They invited me to their hotel and gave me all information about Texas, and letters to Gen. Sam. Houston and Gov. Smith. I started for New Orleans, via Red River, for Texas. On the way down I was put in a state-room with a nice, straight-laced Episcopal minister. Out of politeness I gave him the LOWER berth; (from boyhood till I was twenty-five years of age I was a somnambulist.) Late in the night, in our room, I raised a fearful cry of "*Murder*!" "Indians, kill them, —— them." The old gentleman got out of his bed, but as he put his feet on the floor I fell down on top of him. He tried to shake me off, but I thought he was the "Big Brave." I was fighting in my sleep, and "pitched in" to him. He shouted "*Murder! Help*!" A party of young men, who were playing poker in the cabin, broke open the door, pulled me off of him, and abused me for attacking an old gentleman. I made no answer, when one of them—a doctor—flashed a candle before my eyes and said: "He is asleep." They woke me up and I apologized to the minister; but nothing would induce him to sleep in that state-room, although I offered to vacate and

get a bed somewhere else. He said: "No; for I might come back in my sleep." So the steward made him a bed on the cabin floor.

I stayed in New Orleans a few days, saw some sights, and started for Natchitoches; thence on foot seventy-five miles to San Augustine, Texas. I reached the latter place with about *six bits* in my pocket. They were making up a company to join Gen. Houston, and a man who had joined and did not wish to go, gave me a fine horse, double-barreled gun, and a brace of pistols to take his place. I was all right, then; joined Capt. Kimbrant's company, and was unanimously elected 2nd sergeant next day. We marched to Nacogdoches, where the citizens begged Capt. K. to remain, as they daily expected an attack from the Cherokee Indians, who, it was said, had joined the Mexicans. We stayed a week, but as no Indians came, the Captain sent me on to Houston with dispatches, and a written order to press horses when mine gave out. I never tried that game but once. The second day my horse was tired, so I rode up to a house and told the owner I was compelled to *press* a fine horse I saw in the yard, showing him my dispatches and the *order*. He said: "Hold on a minute and I will show you an order *against* my horse being *pressed*." He went in the house and came out with his *big* son and two double-barreled shot guns, and told me to *git*, or they would put thirty buck shot through me. I compromised; told them if they resisted legal authority I had nothing further to say. They then told me to GIT down, *stake* my horse, and stay all night. The old man said to me at supper: "Sonny, never try that *dodge agin* in Texas." I did not.

After leaving Nacogdoches, on the third day, while going through a thicket, six Indians rode into the road in front of me and halted me. I came near falling off my horse, as

they were the first Indians I had ever seen. One of them said "Howdy," rode up to me, and remarked: "You got good gun, me want to see him," and reached out for my double-barrel. I waved him back, and cocked one barrel, and told him: "No see." I pulled my horse to one side and went around them, when they all burst into a laugh and said: "White man skeeered." God knows I was. They did not trouble me any farther, much to my delight.

I got to Houston's camp, at Gross' retreat, where he had some fifteen hundred men. He was in full march to fight Santa Anna. I gave him my letter from Gen. Austin and Dr. Archer. He treated me kindly—said stay here with me. In a few minutes men came in and said: "General, we want a furlough; our families are in danger and we want to move. The General gave me the countersign and said: "Lane, pass them out of the line." In a couple of days I got tired of acting aid, and asked permission to join Capt. Henry Karns' spy company. We started in advance, crossed the Buffalo bayou at Lynchburg, and encamped on the other side. I was detailed as a sentinel that night—my first military performance. The sergeant stationed me one-half mile from camp in a wood; told me to keep awake, as the Mexicans might be on me at any minute. He said: "You can hear their drums now." I did. I was pondering the situation, in front of the enemy, didn't know the way back to camp, and it was dark as pitch. Just then I heard a rush in front of me. Here they come, I thought. I got behind a tree, cocked both barrels, and cried: "Give the countersign, or I fire." *A cow marched by me.* I almost dropped in my tracks. Presently the relief came round. I heard the sergeant say: "Don't make a noise; I want to give that boy a 'skeer.'" They could not see me. I got behind a tree and called "who comes there," three times, and "answer, or I'll

shoot." The sergeant hallooed: "Hold, don't shoot; it's the relief." So I got even on that deal, and turned the laugh on the sergeant. Next night we marched down the bayou, opposite the enemy, camped on the bank in the timber; Santa Anna some two miles up on the prairie, his right wing in a skirt of timber, and in his rear San Jacinto Lake. Next morning news came that some fifty Mexicans were a mile below us foraging. Gen. Rusk, with two hundred men, went down and surprised them and took their boats, with supplies for their army, and compelled them to cross the bayou to escape capture. They got into a house on the opposite bank. Rusk asked for two men to swim over and bring a *perouge* back for men to cross and capture them. Wm. Crittenden and myself volunteered. The stream was some one hundred yards wide. We neared the shore below the house. I was getting tired, but suddenly a *big alligator* put his head up, some ten feet from me, to see what was the matter. The surprise was mutual. The alligator dived in front of me, as I thought to get one of my *hind* legs, and I fairly flew ashore. We crept up under the bank and got one of the boats, the Mexicans firing at us till we got in mid-stream, when we got in it and rowed ashore. Rusk put in twenty men, who went over and captured the Mexicans without firing a gun. Just then the enemy opened on our camp with artillery. Rusk ordered us all to return to camp, as he thought the enemy was going to attack. We answered their fire with our two pieces—the twin sisters. The only damage done was that our Chief of Artillery, old Col. Neal, was wounded by a shell. He was asked, years afterwards, by a lady: "Colonel, where were you wounded?" He answered, like the dutchman, who rushed in the house one night hallooing "I'm snake bit!" The women asked: "Where?" He answered: "I'm bit, and

that is sufficient." He did not like to tell a lady *where* he was hit. About 10 o'clock Deaf Smith said to me: "Lane, Gen. Houston wants to know the enemy's force; you have a good horse, come with me." We went round to the rear of Santa Anna's camp. Smith pulled out his field glass, told me to hold his horse, and commenced counting tents to get an estimate of their numbers. We were three hundred yards off. The enemy run out a company of soldiers and commenced firing on us. The balls whistled over our heads —greatly to my demoralization—but Smith did not notice them. Presently a company of cavalry dashed out. Smith, raising his glass, said: "Lane, I think *them* fellows are shooting at us; let us *git*." I never obeyed an order more cheerfully in my life, as for twenty minutes while under fire I expected to be murdered at each round. We got to camp and Smith reported to Gen. Houston.

That evening (20th of April, 1836,) Col. Sherman went out to feel the enemy with some two hundred cavalry. We got in half a mile of their line, when their cavalry came out to interview us. They got within two hundred yards, halted and formed. The officers rode out in front, waved their swords and cried: "Mericannas, Vene Usted!" (come here.) We did. The word was passed: "Are all ready for a charge?" "All ready." "Charge!" rang out, and we went through them like a stroke of lightning, chased them back to their infantry, and then fell back out of their fire. They reinforced and followed us us out, and challenged us again. We charged, routed and drove them back on their infantry the second time. My horse—a powerful animal—had got excited, and, having more *zeal* than *discretion*, took the bit in his teeth and ran me headlong into the midst of the enemy, much to my disgust. The order was given to retreat. I was unanimously in favor of it, but my horse wanted to go

through. A Mexican officer settled the difficulty by cutting at my head with his sabre. I threw up my gun and warded off the blow. My gun was empty. I drew a holster pistol, aimed at his head and pulled trigger. It missed fire; he tucked his head down to avoid the shot, when I hit him over the head with the pistol, knocking him senseless. Just then a big Mexican lancer charged me in the side, running me through the shoulder with his lance, observing: "Carajo Americana, (d—n the Americans) and knocked me ten feet off my horse. I fell on my head, stunned and senseless. Gen. Lamar rode up to succor me, shot the Mexican, and, thinking I was dead, fell back with the command. My comrades had got some forty yards, retreating, when I regained consciousness and my feet at the same time. Twenty Mexicans were round me when I rose, but it so surprised them to see a *dead* boy rise to his feet and run like a *buck*, that I got ten steps before they fired at me. Capt. Karnes saw me coming, and ordered his company to wheel and fire on my pursuers, which they did, killing a few, when the balance halted. An old man told me: "son, get up behind; I recon' the old *mar kin* take us both out." I did. (She was a sorrel mare and thin in flesh; I would know her hide if it was dried on a fence even now, and she had the sharpest backbone it has ever been my fortune to straddle.

Gen. Houston, thinking we were bringing on a general engagement, sent out his infantry to support us. We got behind them, but, as the enemy retired, both parties went back to camp. Dr. Goode, our orderly sergeant, dressed my wound; it was not dangerous, but painful. The lance had gone nearly through my shoulder-blade.

Next day there was commotion in camp. Gen. Cos had reinforced Santa Anna during the night with six hundred cavalry. The men wanted to fight. Gen. Filascola, with

the main Mexican army, was some eighty miles off, and if he joined Santa Anna we would be "rubbed out." Gen. Houston wanted to wait a few days for reinforcements. He told them that he had couriers from several companies—all hurrying on—that would be there in two days. He was right; but the men sent up their officers, demanding *fight*. So *fight* it was. We marched out about 4 o'clock in the afternoon to attack the enemy, to the tune, by drum and fife, of "The Girl I Left Behind Me." When we got in half a mile of them their artillery and infantry opened on us, but, as we were going up a slight ascent, they overshot us. We never fired a gun till we got within forty yards. The order rang out: "Halt, fire and charge." We did. In a second we were into them with guns, pistols, and bowie knives, and there arose the cry of: "Remember the Alamo!" In a short time they were running like turkeys, whipped and discomfited. As we charged into them the General commanding the Tampico Battalion (their best troops) tried to rally his men, but could not. He drew himself up, faced us, and said in Spanish: "I have been in forty battles and never showed my back; I am too old to do it now." Gen. Rusk hallooed to his men: "don't shoot him," and knocked up some of their guns; but others ran round and riddled him with balls. I was sorry for him. He was an old Castillian gentleman, named Gen. Castrillo.

As we charged through their camp I heard a row in a hospital tent. It was a countryman of mine. A wounded officer was lying on a cot, and four or five soldiers under it hiding, and my countryman was exclaiming to them: "Bring out the *chist*, or be J—— I'll blow ye brains out. It was a medicine chest; he thought it was the army treasury. I told him of his mistake and got him out.

We chased the enemy to the lake; they took water, like

ducks, to swim across, our men firing at their heads. They had gone some fifty yards when some one cried for us to stop firing. We did so. He hailed the Mexicans in Spanish and told them to come back and we would not hurt them. They returned, and, as they neared the shore, he said: "Now, boys, give it to them," which they did, killing some two hundred. I never fired a shot.

About sundown we returned to camp with the prisoners. Detachments of cavalry were sent out to capture more. They came in at all hours of the night and next day, with squads of prisoners. Two men would bring from ten to twenty. Late in the day some three men brought in a lot and put them in what we called the *bull pen*, which was a space enclosed with ropes and pack saddles round it a guard to keep them in. As these last were put in the pen there was a great outcry from the Mexicans of "SANTA ANNA, PRESIDENTA HENERAL!" Some of the officers who understood Spanish knew it was Santa Anna whom we had captured. He was in common soldier's uniform. He was taken to Gen. Houston's tent, under a strong guard. The General had ropes put around the tent to keep off the men while he interviewed him. The General was lying on a cot, with his leg broke. He pointed Santa Anna a stool, and called for Moses Austin Bryan, his interpreter. Santa Anna was asked who he was. He clasped both hands over his knees to brace himself (for five hundred men with guns in their hands and vengeance *in their eyes* were glaring at him outside the ropes) and replied: "I am Don Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, the Emperor of the North; but you, Gen. Houston, are greater than I am, for you have conquered the Emperor of the North." The soldiers, remembering Fannin's massacre, the Alamo, and other defeats we had sustained, where our men had surrendered to superior num-

bers under the most solemn promise of being treated as prisoners of war, wanted then and there to take Santa Anna out and hang him. It was all Gen. Houston and others could do to keep them from it. Houston represented to them that now we could treat with Mexico, who would, through the influence of Santa Anna, grant us our independence. They consented, with great reluctance, to spare his life. Gen. Houston had a guard placed around Santa Anna's tent, day and night. A few days after the battle I was on guard, marching up and down in front of his tent. It was then I had my first and last *private* interview with him. He was sitting in the door of his tent, smoking. He observed to me, blandly, in Spanish: "*Sentinal, Yousta care for un Cigaro.*" I did not know a word of Spanish, but I understood pretty quickly that he wanted to give me a cigar; which he did, and a light also. That was the last *private* conference I ever had with Don Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna.

The third day afterwards I was elected 2nd Lieutenant of Carnes' Spy company, quite an honor, too, for a 19-year old boy, for it was composed of such men as Deaf Smith, Walsh and Field Secrets, John Crocer, Perry Allsberry, and other famous scouts. Some two months before the battle of Jan Jacinto, my old friend, Col. Sam W. McKneely, was with a company down on the coast, near Copano. Their camp was surprised in the night by a large force of Mexicans. As he ran out he was struck on the back of his head with a sword by a Mexican, severing the scalp on the back of his head, which fell down on his shoulders. The blow knocked him senseless. When he recovered consciousness, he found that, verily, he was in the hands of the Phillistines, being tied hand and foot. The Mexicans sewed up his scalp, and a few days after he

was sent a prisoner to Matamoras, where he was placed in a dungeon. He was tried by a court-martial as a rebel against the Mexican government, and sentenced to be shot. An Irish Catholic priest visited him the day before he was ordered to be executed, and finding that he believed in the tenets of his church, made interest with both the English and Mexican ladies of Matamoras to get him a respite. They all visited the commanding officer in a body and made a strong appeal to him. He, after much intercession, agreed to respite him until he could hear from Mexico. In due course he got an order: "Have McKneely shot in three days after receiving this order!" The ladies and Catholics formed in procession and beseiged the commandant for a further reprieve. He, being a sympathetic man, and having a strong admiration for handsome ladies, could not refuse their appeal, and postponed the execution. The fact of the matter was that McKneely was a remarkably handsome young man, very tall, erect and finely proportioned, and made such a strong impression on the ladies, that they took a deep interest in him. In fact, he owed his reprieve to his good looks. But, in a few days, a new commandant took charge of Matamoras, who ordered the former officer to carry out his orders in relation to McKneely, and have him shot in three days, or he (the officer) would be sent to Mexico under charge of disobedience and *broke*. The new commandant, a sour old fellow, paid no attention to the appeals of the priesthood or the intercession of the ladies, (he being a married man), but "*put his foot down*," and said McKneely should be shot next day. Luckily, news reached him that night of the defeat and capture of Santa Anna at San Jacinto. McKneely then felt as satisfied as a *coon*, well knowing that we would murder Santa Anna

and all our prisoners if a hair of his head was hurt. In a short time we sent commissioners to Matamoras, who effected the release of McKneely and all the other prisoners.

A few days after the battle of San Jacinto, Col. Ed. Burleson started to find Gen. Filasola, near the San Bernard. He had some three hundred men. He had an order from Santa Anna for Filasola to surrender or vacate the country. We camped on the San Bernard one evening, and some of our men, who were in bathing, swam over, and happened to go through a skirt of willows on the other side, and saw Gen. Filasola's army encamped on the prairie. They came back and gave the alarm, when Col. Burleson and some others swam their horses over. We were drawn up opposite the ford, with orders, if we heard any firing, to swim over and succor them. In about an hour they came back. Filasola, after reading Santa Anna's letter and order, told Burleson he would give an answer next morning. At 9 o'clock next morning our officers went over again. In a few minutes Deaf Smith came to the bank and told us Filasola had retreated in the night, and his camp was vacant. Quite a number of us swam over to see the enemy's camp. They had left tents, wagons, muskets, lances, *scopets*, and everything they could not carry on pack mules, and *cut-out* at 12 o'clock the night before, burning the carriage of six pieces of artillery, and throwing the guns into a pond.

I was sauntering through the camp with others, when we came to some big wagons with covers on them. While looking at them, I picked up a lance, and, to exercise my *juvenile* arm, threw it at one of them, when a loud yell came from the wagon: "Por la amor de Deios no motar usta dor!" ("For the love of God, don't kill us!") Some

twenty sick and wounded Mexicans were in the wagons, having been left by their comrades. We gave them something to eat and treated them kindly. We sent a detachment to follow Filasola, and see that he did not damage the settlers in his retreat. He made a straight march for the Rio Grande, via San Antonio, and never "drew rein" till he got into Mexico.

We stayed encamped for some three months, pending negotiations with Mexico, when, getting sick, and the company breaking up, as there was no further prospect of further active service, I applied for and got my discharge from Gen. Rusk. My discharge was most complimentary. Gen. Rusk said: "Although unusual in a discharge, I cannot help testifying to the gallantry of Lieut. Lane at the battle of San Jacinto." I went back to Nacogdoches, remained two months, and then started for Wheeling, Va. I remained with my parents about six months and *ventilated* my laurels. The Texas fever, striking me again, I returned to Texas, via New Orleans, sailing in a schooner from there to Velasco, at the mouth of the Brazos. The privateer schooner, "Tom Toby," came into port, and as she wanted men, I shipped on board of her for a cruise. She had letters of *marque* and *reprisal* from the Republic of Texas to capture or destroy Mexican vessels. She carried one hundred men, six side guns, and a large 18-pounder on a pivot amidships. Her commander was Capt. Hoyt. I sailed in her six months. We captured several Mexican vessels and a good deal of property. We were cruising near Sisal, and wanted a large boat to send men into the harbor of Campeachy to *cut-out* a vessel we knew was there. Our captain sent twelve armed men in our *launch* to board a vessel and get her boats. As we drew near her she showed Spanish colors, so we could not touch her; but

just then a large boat came from the town full of Mexican ladies to visit the Spanish vessel. We waited till it got alongside and boarded it. The ladies screamed when they saw we were white men, but we told them we would not harm them—merely wanted their boat. I got in the boat, assisted them up the side of the vessel, and passed up their shawls and wraps. When they got on deck, and over their scare, one of them asked me who we were. One of the men replied we were English *bravos* (robbers.) She answered: "Usta muey bein bravos!" (Very good robbers.) We raised sail on the boat and stood out to our schooner, when the fort openned fire on us, putting two balls through our sail.

The schooner, with her "long Tom," and we, had a lively cannonading for twenty minutes. We stood out and down the coast to Campeachy, and ran into the harbor under English colors. There were several vessels at anchor under the guns of the fort. Passing an American vessel our captain hailed her, and asked which vessel was Mexican. Her captain laughed, and pointed to a brig close to the fort. He knew us. We ran alongside of her and threw twenty armed men on board, who slipped the cable, made sail, and stood out after us under a heavy fire from the fort. The Mexicans tried their best to sink their own and our vessel, although they knew some twenty Mexicans were aboard the prize. She proved to be valuable, having a full cargo. We were told afterwards by an American vessel that was there, that the Mexicans turned out three thousand soldiers, fired cannon all night, and patroled the beach, fearing we would come back and sack the city. We took our prize into port, had her cargo condemned, sold, and the prize money distributed. We then returned to New Orleans to refit and provision. We remained in that

city two weeks, when we left with a full cargo for the Gulf. The second day out it blew a tremendous gale. By night it got worse. After dark we were at the mercy of the winds, and did not know our course or whereabouts. About 10 o'clock the vessel struck. The captain called: "All hands take in sail!" She came down again from a high wave, and I thought the jar would drive the mast through her bottom. He told the men to stand by with axes and cut down the masts if she struck again. She didn't, but remained stationary. We thought we were on an oyster reef, some fifty miles distant from the Gulf; so you can imagine our joy and surprise to find, at daylight, the vessel's nose stuck in the muddy bank of Bayou La Fouche. The next morning, after some had thanked Providence for our escape, and a large majority had cursed our luck, I stood "neutral," not seeing any great necessity for our catastrophe, we drew twelve feet of water, and the next day, when the *tidal wave* had gone down, found only six feet on the bar at the mouth of the La Fouche. It being impossible to get back to sea, we lightened our vessel, taking ashore guns, provisions, water, and all our spars and top hamper. We then waited ten days for a high tide, so that we might recross the bar. We were some sixty miles from any settlements on the La Fouche, the country being a swamp for that distance. An old skiff floated down one day, and our doctor and purser getting tired, got permission from the captain to go to the settlements in it. Second Lieut. Richards and Midshipman Johnson went in the yawl shooting, and followed them up the bayou. The last two came back at night. A seaman came to me and said: "Lieut. Lane, here is a big bundle tied up in a blanket; what shall I do with it?" I told him to take it down the fore-hatch, see whose it was, what was

in it, and report to me. He came back in a few minutes with others, took me to one side, and told me that the clothes and instruments of the purser and doctor, all covered with blood, were in the bundle. I told him to keep quiet and get eight or ten of our old shipmates that we knew, bring them back aft, and also to bring arms, and I would see the captain, for I was afraid there was going to be a mutiny. I went down the companionway to the captain's cabin; but as I got down far enough for him to see my face, I found myself *covered* with two pistols, in the hands of the captain and a passenger. The captain had heard the murderers in their cabin, through a thin partition, planning the capture of the vessel. As soon as he saw my face, he whispered to me: "Take up pistols and cutlasses. Tell the first lieutenant on deck to arm all the reliable men and come aft!" I did so. I told the lieutenant our suspicions, and he immediately put a guard over the gun-room, occupied by the mutineers, and took the armed men back to the cabin. I reported to the captain what had been done, and he came on deck. He had more picked men secretly armed and placed in squads on deck as guards, under officers. They were then told of our strong suspicions of the mutiny to take the vessel and kill all who would not join them. The three mutineers in the gun-room, Richards, Johnston and Capt. Paul, of the marines, heard the commotion on deck, but did not come up. They were suspicious of having been found out, but were uncertain and awaiting events. Capt. Hoyt, when he found out he was supported by his other officers and twenty good men, well armed, decided on his action. He ordered his battle-lanterns to be lighted on deck, which made it bright as day. He directed one squad to take charge of Richards, another of Johnston, and myself and

two seamen to capture Capt. Paul, when he (Capt. Hoyt) gave the signal. He then ordered the boatswain to blow his whistle. "All hands on deck to unmoor ship, as he was going to cross the bar as the tide was up!" All hands came on deck. The captain ordered Lieut. Richards to go forward with his squad and cast off the cable, and Midshipman Johnston to go aft and take chargc of the helm. Capt. Paul was standing near myself and two sailors when Capt. Hoyt cried out, "Seize the mutineers!" I threw my arms around Capt. Paul, with a cocked pistol to his breast, telling him: "Make a move, and I'll kill you!" The seamen seized him on each side, threw him down and tied him. The squad at the bow overpowered Richards and bound him. Johnston, when he heard the captain's order, knew it was all over with him. He threw off the men, right and left who grappled him, and reached the taffrail, and was about to jump overboard when one of the sailors struck him on the head with a cutlass, knocked him down, and he was tied. We handcuffed and chained the mutineers to the deck. By this time it was daylight. Johnston, suffering from the severe gash in the head, acknowledged the murder of the doctor and purser, perpetrated by himself and Richards. He said they followed and killed them to prevent them from carrying the news to the settlement that there was a vessel there, for they had intended to capture her and take her out to sea as a *pirate.* He said that when they came in sight of the skiff in which were the doctor and purser, they hailed the latter to stop, which was done, until Richards and Johnston came up. When they got within ten steps of them, he and Richards rose up with their guns loaded with buckshot. Johnson shot the doctor first. Richards took aim at the purser, who exclaimed: "For God's sake, don't kill me!" They strip-

ped the bodies, took them ashore and staked them in the grass to prevent the high tide from washing them off. We went up after breakfast, brought the bodies aboard and gave them a christian burial. All three of the mutineers refused to criminate any of the crew as accomplices. Capt. Paul swore bitterly that he knew nothing after the murder, and then joined in the place of meeting. As to Richards, he refused to say anything *pro* or *con.* He was a hardened villain. Next day a Creole came down in a skiff hunting. He told us the bayou had water enough to take our vessel up to Thibodeauxville, after which it was plain sailing to the Mississippi, *via* Donaldsonville. He said no vessel had gone up the bayou since Lafitte's time, (the pirate of Barataria.) He said we would have to cut out logs and *cordell* the vessel up. We started next day, and in ten days got up to the plantations, after which the bayou was navigable. Fifty miles below Thibodeauxville a steamboat met us and *towed* us up to the town.

We turned our prisoners over to the sheriff, and, after four of us had given bond for our appearance as witnesses before district court, in two weeks' time, we left for New Orleans. We were treated with great kindness by the citizens, *dined and feted.* Court being in session, four of us put in our appearance in due time at Thibodeauxville. Richards, Johnston and Paul were sentenced to be hung. Paul was recommended to mercy by the jury and pardoned. Johnston, through the influence of his North Carolina relatives, had his sentence commuted to imprisonment for ten years. Richards was hung.

We returned to New Orleans, refitted, and started out on the Gulf for another cruise against the Mexicans. We cruised along the Gulf near Tampico, and *sighted* a large brig, which proved to be the Phœnix. After two hours of

stirring chase we overhauled and captured her. The crew and passengers—about thirty persons—we put in her long boat, and, after giving them their personal effects, sent them ashore, which was near by. We then took our prize—which had a valuable cargo of salt and aqua diente (brandy)—into Galveston harbor, where she was condemned and sold. A few days afterwards the prize money was distributed among the crew, and we were having a gay time, as we had plenty of aqua diente on board, which we had reserved. We were at anchor opposite where the city of Galveston now stands, when the "sly coon," in the shape of a terrible tornado, sprang up. It blew fearfully until about 12 o'clock, at which time a *tidal wave*, about fifteen feet high, struck us, tore us loose from our moorings, and sent us flying over the city of Galveston (that now is), and stuck us, prow foremost, into a sand-bank, some two miles beyond the city. The next morning, the waves having receded to their natural limits, we found ourselves *high* and *dry*, about two and one-half miles from any element that would float the "Tom Toby." To paraphrase the language of the witness in "Cousin Sallie Dillard," this is all I know about the "Tom Toby." The crew scattered in different directions, most of them for New Orleans, on vessels that afterwards came into port. Midshipman Gale and myself concluded to go to Houston on a small schooner that plied up there. When we got into the middle of the bay, a squall struck the schooner as we were going, which about capsized her. She laid on her beam ends with her sails flat on the water, the passengers and crew—some fifteen—holding to the bulwarks. We were a mile and a half from windward shore and three miles from the leeward. As there was no prospects of a rescue from a passing vessel, Gale and myself concluded to swim ashore. I dived into the hold in search

of a keg or barrel, Gale holding the rope which was tied around me. I brought up a keg. We took out the *bung*, emptied the contents, and made it air-tight. We found a piece of an oar blade and tied across it, stripped to the skin, and took to the water. About 8 o'clock in the morning a breeze sprang up, which made it more difficult for us to swim. One of us pushed the keg, and the other swam alongside; but the waters were very rough. We, however, worked away, honestly and religiously, and just at night we reached the opposite shore. Before we got to high land, going through mud and water—it being then dusk—Gale was about to step on what he thought was a log. I said, "Hold!" and hit the *log* with the piece of oar which I had on my shoulder. It proved to be an alligator, about twenty-five feet long, that struck mud and water fifteen feet high with its tail. The alligator went one way and we the other —*precipitately*. We sat down exhausted on the bank near the prairie, and I am afraid neither one of us thought of returning thanks for our escape. Certainly, I—if not Gale —thought it a very foolish piece of business to be placed in such a dilemma. While sitting on the bank, naked and covered with mosquitoes, we heard a dog bark some half-mile off. We struck off in that direction and found a house. We hailed, and a woman came to the door. We told her our situation, but she said she could not take any one in as her husband was absent from home. We told her we were starved and naked, and for mercy's sake to send us a blanket to cover us, and give us something to eat. She sent her little son out with two blankets. When the little fellow went in and reported our condition, she called us and gave us a good supper and some old clothes of her husband's.

I was uneasy about the poor fellows floating in the bay.

The good woman told me there was a fisherman living a half mile from there who had a boat. Her son piloted me with a lantern. The fisherman agreed to go out with me in his boat to search for my distressed comrades (Gale being so exhausted that he was unable to acaompany me.) He raised a lantern at his masthead, gave me an old musket and powder to fire signal guns, and steered to where I had, to the best of my recollection, left them. This was about 11 o'clock of a dark night, and we sailed around, firing guns, until daylight, soon after which we discovered them. They were holding on to the bulwarks and sails. Two or three were senseless, having been tied to the masts by their companions to prevent tbem from being washed overboard by the waves. We took them aboard, and rolled the half drowned ones over a keg and brought them to. We went ashore, and the fisherman gave them all the attention in his power and a good meal. In the evening a vessel passed, bound for Houston, which was hailed by the fisherman, and we were kindly taken on board up to that place. Of the fifteen, all except Gale and myself took the fever, and four of the number died. As to Gale and myself, the skin peeled off us, from the crown of our heads to the soles of our feet, from exposure in the water.

I staid in Houston about a month, and finding nothing to do there, bought a horse and struck out for San Augustine. In swimming Trinity river *en route*, on a cold day, I took a beautiful case of chills and fever that lasted me six months. After getting to San Augustine, and staying there two weeks, my money was getting low, (a sort of chronic complaint with me all my life) so I was glad to meet my old friend, Dr. Goodloe, who had been sergeant of my old company. He took me out three miles in the country to Jonas Hales, and got me comfortable quarters. He gave me

medicine and doctored me up, and proposed to me to take the school he was teaching in that neighborhood, as his time was nearly out and he did not wish to continue. He kindly took me around and introduced me to all his patrons, and got me up a school of some forty pupils, ranging from children to grown-up young women and men. Two or three of the latter gave me much trouble, for they knew more of arithmetic than I did, so I had to cipher at night to be able to answer the questions next day. I got along first-rate and gave satisfaction as a teacher, and made a good many friends in as kind a community as it has ever been my fortune to live in. At the close of my three months' session I received a remittance from my brother in Kentucky and immediately abandoned my school, thanking my stars that I had gotten out with credit from a position I felt totally incompetent to fill.

A surveying party being formed at Franklin, Robertson county, I went with Wm. Love and others from San Augustine to join it, all of us having lands to locate. We organized at Franklin—twenty-three of us—electing Neil captain, Wm. Henderson being our surveyor. We started in September, *via* Parker's fort, for Richland creek, where we intended to make our locations. The second day we camped at Parker's fort, which was then vacated, having been stormed about three months before by a body of Comanches, who murdered all the inhabitants except two children, whom they took into captivity—the historical Parker children. We passed Tehuacana hill, on our way to Richland creek, and crossed through a dense thicket to the other side of the creek and encamped, about a mile, on another stream, where we were going to commence operations. We found there some three hundred Kickapoo Indians, with their squaws and papooses, who had come

down from their reservation in Arkansas to lay in their supply of dried Buffalo meat, for the country then abounded with any amount of game, and from the hills you could see a thousand buffalo at a sight. The Indians received us kindly, as a great many of them spoke English. We camped by them three days, going out in the morning surveying, and returning in the evening to camp in order to procure water.

The third morning, at breakfast, we observed a commotion in the camp of our neighbors. Presently their chief came to us and reported that the Jonies (a wild tribe) were coming to kill us. We thanked them for the information, but said we were not afraid of the Jonies, and said if they attacked us we would *clean them out*, as they had nothing but bows and arrows, any way. They begged us to leave, saying if the Jonies killed us it would be laid on them. We refused to leave, but asked the chief why, as he took so much interest in our welfare, he could not help us to whip the Jonies. He said he could not do that, as his tribe had a treaty with them. They begged us feelingly to go, but as we would not, they planned a little surprise for us. They knew where we had made a corner the evening before and knew that we would go back there to commence work. So they put one hundred men in a ravine we had to go by. We started out from camp to resume our work, several of the Indians going with us. One of them stuck to me like a leech, and succeeded in begging a piece of tobacco from me. Then, shaking hands with me, he crossed the ravine within fifty yards of where his friends were lying in ambush for us. We got opposite to them, not suspecting any danger, when about forty of them arose from the ravine and fired into us, killing some of our horses and wounding several of our men. Capt. Neil ordered us to

charge them, which we did, and routed them out of the ravine, when they fell back on a small skirt of timber fifty yards off, from which up sprang one hundred and fifty Indians and confronted us. We retreated back into the prairie. The Indians mounted their horses and surrounded us. They went round in a circle, firing into us. We got to the head of the ravine in the prairie and took shelter in it. The Indians put a force, out of gun-shot, to watch us, while their main force went below about eighty yards, where the ravine widened, and they had the advantage of brushwood. They then opened fire on us, and shot all our horses except two, which were behind a bush, to make sure that none of us should escape.

(The Indians had no hostilities toward us, but knew, as we were surveying the land, that the white people would soon settle there and break up their hunting grounds, so they wanted to kill us for a double purpose—none would be left to tell on them, and it would deter others from coming into that neck of the country surveying.)

We commenced firing at each other up and down the ravine, we sheltered by nooks, and they by brush in their part. Euclid Cook got behind the only tree on the bank, firing at them, when, exposing himself, he was shot through the spine. He fell away from the tree, and called for some of us to come and pull him down into the ravine. I dropped my gun, ran up the bank and pulled him down. He was mortally wounded, and died in two hours. We fought all day without water, waiting for night to make our escape; but, when night came, also came the full moon, making it almost as bright as day.

Up to this time we had several killed and some badly wounded. We waited till near 12 o'clock for the moon to cloud over, but as it did not, we determined to make a

break for Richland creek bottom. We put our four worst wounded men on the two remaining horses. As we arose upon the bank the Indians raised a yell on the prairie, and all rushed around us in a half circle, pouring hot shot into us. We retreated in a walk, wheeling and firing as we went, and keeping them at bay. The four wounded men on horseback were shot off, when we put other badly wounded ones in their places. We got within two hundred yards of the timber, facing around and firing, when Capt. Neil was shot through the hips. He called to me to help him on a horse behind a wounded man, which another man and I did. We had not gone ten steps farther when Neil, the wounded man and horse, were all shot down together, and I was shot through the calf of the leg, splintering the bone and severing the "leaders" that connected with my toes. I fell forward as I made a step, but found I could support myself on my heel. I hobbled on with the balance to the mouth of the ravine, which was covered with thick brush, into which four of us entered, the other three taking the timber on the other side. We had gone about fifty yards down the ravine, where it was dark and in the shade, when I called to Henderson to stop and tie up my leg, as I was bleeding to death. He did so—cut off the top of my boot and bandaged the wound. We saw about fifty Indians come to the mouth of the ravine, but they could not see us, as we were in the shade, so we went on down the ravine. They followed and overtook our wounded comrade, whom we had to leave, and killed him. We heard him cry out when they shot him, and, knowing they would overtake us, we crawled upon the bank of the ravine, laid down on our faces, with our guns cocked ready to give them one parting salute if they discovered us. They passed us by, so closely that I could have put my hand on any of their heads.

They went down the ravine a short distance, when a conch shell was blown on the prairie as a signal for all the Indians to come back. After they repassed us we went down to Richland creek, where we found a little pond of muddy water, into which I pitched headforemost, having been all day without any, and suffering from loss of blood. We here left Violet, our wounded comrade; his thigh was broken and he could crawl no farther. He begged me to stay with him, as I was badly wounded, and, he said, could not reach the settlements—some ninety miles distant. I told him I was bound to make the connection ; so we bound up his thigh and left him near the water. We travelled down the creek till daylight, then "*cooned*" over the dry creek on a log —so as to leave no track in the sand—to a little island of brush, where we lay all day long. In the morning we could hear the Indians riding up and down, looking for us. They knew our number--twenty-three—and seven had escaped. They wished to kill *all*, so that it could not be charged to their tribe.

We started at dusk for Tehuacana hill, some twenty-five miles distant. When I rose to my feet, after lying all day in the thicket, the agony from the splinters of bone in my leg was so severe that I fainted. When I recovered consciousness, and before I opened my eyes, I heard Burton tell Henderson that they had best leave me, as I could not get in, and would greatly encumber them. Henderson said we were friends, and had slept on the same blanket together, and he would *stick to me to the last.* I rose to my feet, and cursed Burton, both loud and deep, telling him he was a white-livered plebian, and, in spite of his 180-pounds, I would *lead* him to the settlements—which I did. We travelled nearly all night, but next day got out of our course by following buffalo trails that we thought would

lead us to water. The country was so dry that the earth was cracked open.

On the third day after the fight we sighted Tehuacana hill. We got within six miles of it, when Burton sat down and refused to go any further, saying he would die there. We abused and sneered at him for having no *grit*, and finally got him to the spring. We, luckily, struck the water one hundred yards below the springs, where it covered a weedy marsh, and was warm.

Just as we got in sight of the water ten Indians rode up to us. I saw that they were Kickapoos. They asked us what we were doing. I told them we had been out surveying, had a fight with Jonies, and got lost from our comrades, who had gone another way to the settlement. They wanted to talk longer, but I said: "Water! water!" The chief said: "There is water!" so I made for it, pitched headforemost into the weeds and water on my face, and drank till I could hold no more. Luckily for me the water was warm. If I had struck the spring above, the cold water would have killed me. Henderson and Burton went above me to the water. In a short time they called me. I heard them, but would not answer. I was in the water, covered by weeds, and felt so happy and contented, I would have neither moved nor spoken for any consideration. Henderson and Burton got uneasy about me, as I did not answer, and came down the bank to find me. An Indian saw me in the water and weeds, waded in, and snaked me out. I asked the chief what he would take to carry me to the settlement on a horse. He looked at me (I was a forlorn object from suffering hunger and want of water—my eyes were sunk nearly to the back of my head) and said: "May be so, you die to-night!" I told him no, unless he killed me. He replied: "No kill!" He asked: "Want to

eat?" We said, "Yes." He answered: "May be so camp in two miles; come go. Squaws got something to eat!" He helped me up on a horse, and we went to camp. The women saw our condition, and would give us but little at a time. They gave us each a wooden bowl of soup, composed of dried buffalo meat, corn and pumpkins, all boiled together. I have never tasted anything more delicious. We handed back our bowls. They said, "Bimeby." They waked us up twice during the night and gave us more. They understood our condition, knew that we were *famished*, and that to give us all we wanted at one time would kill us. We slept till next morning, when we wished to start, knowing that at any moment a runner might come into camp and tell them it was *their* tribe that had attacked us, and as we were the only ones who could criminate them, we must be killed.

I traded a fine rifle of Henderson's for a pony and saddle, but when I started to mount him, a squaw stopped me, and said: "No; my pony!" I appealed to the Indian, who looked at me ruefully, and said: "Squaw's pony,"—showing me that petticoat government was known *even* by the Kickapoos.

We started on foot, my leg paining me severely. We had gone about three miles, when six Indians galloped up to us in the prairie. I told my comrades our time had come. We got behind two trees, and determined to sell our lives dearly. They rode up, "Howdy?" and said, "We want swap guns!" showing an old, dilapidated rifle, to trade for our good one. We soon found out it was *trade or fight*, so we swapped, with the understanding that they would take me to Parker's fort, about twenty-five miles, on a pony, which they agreed to. One Indian went with us, the balance going back and taking the rifle. We got near the

fort in the morning, when Burton proposed to Henderson to shoot the Indian—who was unarmed—and I could ride to the settlements. Henderson indignantly refused, and I told Burton that, rather than betray confidence, I would walk in on one leg. Five minutes later I heard a gun fire to the right. We asked the Indian what it meant. He replied: "Cosette, Kickapoo chief, camped there!" So, if we had shot the Indian, we would have brought down a hundred on us to see what the shot meant. He then told me: "May be so, you get down. Yonder is Parker's fort. Me go to Cosette's camp!" I did so. We struck the Navasota below the fort, and waded down the stream a mile, fearing the Indians would follow us. We crossed in the night, and went out some three miles in the prairie and slept. The Indians that morning had given us as much dried buffalo meat as we could carry, so we had plenty to eat on our way. We travelled all next day and part of the night, having got on the trail that led to Franklin. We started next morning before day. Going down the path—I in the lead—we were hailed, ordered to halt, and tell who we were. I looked up, and saw two men, with their guns leveled on us, about forty yards off. I answered: "We are friends—white men!"

(I didn't blame them much for the question, for I was in my shirt and drawers, with a handkerchief tied around my head, having lost my hat in the fight, and they thought we were Indians.)

They proved to be my old friends, Wm. Love and Jackson, who had left our party some six days before for the settlement to get us another compass. They were horrified when we told them of the massacre. They put us on their horses and returned with us to Franklin, a distance of some fifteen miles. The news spread over the neighborhood like

wildfire. By the next morning fifty men were raised, and, piloted by Love, started for the scene of our disaster. I had been placed in comfortable quarters in Franklin, and kindly nursed and attended by sympathetic ladies. Henderson and Burton bade me good-bye, and went to their respective homes.

Right here, I wish to pay a tribute of respect to my old friend, Wm. Henderson, now living in Corsicana. It has never been my lot to meet with a more polished gentleman, gallant soldier, or trusty comrade. To him I am indebted for my life, for without his aid, I could not have made my escape.

We told Love's party where we had left Violet, with his thigh broken, and asked them to try and find him.

The party got to Tehuacana springs, and, being very thirsty, threw down their guns to get a drink. Violet, who had seen them coming across the prairie, thought they were Indians, and secreted himself in the brush close by; but, when he heard them talk, and found they were white men, he gave a yell, and hobbled out, saying: "Boys, I'm mighty glad you've come!" He came near stampeding the whole party, they thinking it was an Indian ambuscade,

Poor Violet, after we left him in Richland creek bottom, stayed there three days, subsisting on green haws and plums. Getting tired he concluded to make for Tehuacana hills, as he knew the course. He splintered and bandaged his thigh the best he could then struck out, and got there after a day and night's travel. Being nearly famished, he looked around for something to eat. In the spring—which was six feet across—he saw a big bullfrog running around. Failing to capture him, he concluded to shoot him. He pulled down on him with a holster pistol, loaded with twelve buckshot and the proportional amount of powder.

Having his back to the embankment, down which the water ran, the pistol knocked him over it, senseless, breaking the ligature that bound his thigh. He remained insensible, he thought, about two hours. When he became conscious he bandaged his leg as well as he could, and crawled up to the spring to look for the frog. He found one hindquarter floating around, the balance having been shot to flinders. Being very hungry, he made short work of that. In a few hours after that Love's party came up, and supplied him with all he wanted. They left him there until their return, they going up to the battle-ground to bury the dead and see if they could find any more wounded.

When they got there, they found the bones of all our killed, the flesh having been stripped off by the wolves. And they also found--much to my satisfaction—eighty piles of green brush, in the lower part of the ravine, from where the Indians were firing at us during the day, and under each pile of brush a copious quantity of blood, which proved that we had not been fooling away our time during that day. The company returned to Franklin, bringing with them Violet, who recovered from his wound.

I laid up at Mr. Dunn's two months before the splintered bones worked out of my leg so I could travel. At that time my brother, George Lane, came for me, with an extra horse, and took me back to San Augustine.

After returning to San Augustine, I clerked for Matthew Cartwright two years. At that time the Cherokees broke out into open rebellion, not liking the way we were encroaching upon their land. They got the Mexican settlers, living near Nacogdoches, to join them. President Houston, hearing of the rising of the Cherokees, sent Gen. Burleson with the state troops, and Gen. Rusk with volunteers, to suppress the rebellion. They had a small fight in Cherokee county,

both parties mustering their forces for a decisive battle. We, hearing the news at San Augustine, immediately formed a company. The night before starting, being all *hilarious* over the victory we had achieved in the last fight with them, but, having no cannon to fire, we improvised a quart bottle, filled with gunpowder, the cork being wired in with a fuse and corded tightly with a half-inch rope. We planted this on the square, ramming the earth tightly around the bottle. Then we laid a train of powder along some six feet from the bottle. It fell to my lot to touch it off. The artist who laid the train being *poca baucho*—that is, a little drunk—spilt about a pound of powder at the end of the train. It being dark, I did not notice the powder. I touched off the train, and the pound of powder flashed into my face, knocking my hat fifteen feet high, throwing me on my back—which was lucky for me—as the glass and earth were thrown all around me from the explosion of the bottle. Had I been in a standing or stooping position, it would have riddled me. Dr. John S. Ford (Old Rip) had me taken to bed, as my face was filled with powder and burned to a crisp. He gave me "heroic treatment,"—that is, covered my face with cotton, saturated with turpentine, to keep my face from being powder-marked.

It was three or four days before I was able to go to the Cherokee war. Before I got to the scene of action the decisive battle had been fought. The Indians had been whipped and their chief (John Bowles) killed. I met, next day, a "festive cuss," who showed me a strip of skin out of John Bowles' back, which he had cut out for a razor strap. He told me it was "actually a charm, and would bring good luck." I observed to him that as to strapping a razor it might be very good, but, as to the efficiency of the charm, I was very doubtful, as the owner, John Bowles, who owned

the whole skin, had remarkably bad luck. We followed the retreating Cherokees some two days, and finding they were making for Mexico, stopped the pursuit. We all returned to our different homes and avocations. I went back to San Augustine, where I remained two years, and then went into business with Sam Jordan, as merchants, at Hamilton, on the Sabine.

In 1843, getting tired, I sold out and went to San Antonio. I had no particular business there, but was in search of adventure. Jack Hayes' celebrated Ranger company was camped on the Medicine, about twenty miles from town. On getting acquainted with him, Mike Chevallier, Gov. Nelson, and others of the company, they invited me out to visit their camp, which I did, and made several scouts with them as an amateur. I radiated between Hays' camp and San Antonio until the Mexican war broke out.

Hays got permission from the United States government to raise a regiment, and sent out his call, through Texas, for companies who wished to join him, to meet him at Point Isabel, near the Rio Grande, where he would rendezvous.

Hays' old rangers met in San Antonio, and elected Kit Archland, an old member of the company, captain, and myself—a high honor—first lieutenant. After reaching Point Isabel, Sam Walker was elected lieutenant-colonel, and Mike Chevallier, major. This was about two months later than the two fights of Gen. Taylor at Resaca de la Palma and Palo Alta.

Taylor's whole army was at Matamoras to invade Mexico. He marched for Monterey, where the enemy was in force, ordering Hays to make a *detour* south, through Victoria, and join the main army before he got to Monterey.

We fell in with Taylor's force some twenty miles from that place. Next day we sighted the city, Hays' regiment

in advance, (Taylor and staff with us,) and, as we raised an eminence, the city of Monterey lay in full view before us—and, also the black fort. Taylor ordered the head of our column to halt. He and his staff took out their glasses to view the fort, and, as they did so, "bang!" came three eighteen pound shots over our heads. Gen. Taylor "ducked" his head to the mane of his gray horse, and ordered Hays to remove the head of his regiment from under fire. He then went into camp two and one-half miles from the city, at Walnut Springs, waiting for his troops to come up, as he plainly saw the Mexicans meant *fight*. I was ordered to take twenty men to escort Capt. Mansfield, topographical engineer, to view the black fort, and ascertain its most assailable point. We got up within two hundred yards of the fort, in an open space, when the enemy opened fire on us with musketry. Mansfield's horse being restive, I told him to get down and I would hold his horse, so that he could get a better view on the fort with his field-glass; at the same time telling my men to scatter right and left, some ten feet apart, so that the firing could not be concentrated upon them. Mansfield strongly objected to this, saying he wanted the men also dismounted in line, so that the enemy could not see who was making observations with the field-glass. I told him, emphatically, no! the men shall stay where I told them ; that I would stay beside him and share his danger ; we were officers, receiving big pay, and that it was nothing more than right that we should take more risks than privates. We returned to camp and reported to Gen. Taylor.

Next morning the ball opened, Gen. Taylor attacking the city in force. He sent Gen. Worth with a force of infantry, cavalry and artillery—our regiment included—around Monterey, to attack the bishop's palace, and a height close by

it, on which was a strong fort, which commanded all the approaches to the city.

We got in the rear of the bishop's palace and camped that night. Next morning we resumed our march for our position, when the enemy came out with an overwhelming force of cavalry and infantry to attack us. We saw them coming and formed line of battle to meet them. Part of Hays' regiment was stationed behind a hedge, which the enemy had to pass. The infantry and artillery were drawn up in front. The Mexicans formed in gallant style and attacked us, under command of one of their most distinguished cavalry officers. They passed the hedge, behind which were Hays' men, who gave them a withering fire, emptying many a saddle, when our infantry and artillery opened on them, and in five minutes there were no Mexicans to be seen—except those on the ground, who would fight no more—they being totally routed.

We went into camp near the hill on which the fort was situated, and which fort we were going to attack that evening. Gen. Worth ordered Capt. Mansfield to go near the foot of the hill and make a reconnoisance, and see where it was most accessible for troops to ascend. I was ordered to take twenty-one men and escort Capt. Mansfield again. We went through a corn field about a half-mile, near the banks of the San Juan, when, seeing a large mesquite tree, I told the captain it would be a good place from which to make his observations. I put out vedette's all around to prevent surprises while he was up the tree. In a few minutes one of them came tearing back, through the corn, yelling out: "Here they come!" Mansfield dropped his glass, made a grab at the limb to descend, missing which he struck the ground, about fifty feet below; but as the earth was soft, received no serious bodily injury. When he found

it was a false alarm he cursed the man heartily for the scare he had given. I asked him would he go up again and finish his observations. He said, "No; I have seen enough." We went back and reported, and Gen. Worth immediately ordered the attacking force, which consisted of a regiment of infantry and Hays' regiment dismounted.

We waded the San Juan river and commenced the ascent of the hill, under a heavy fire of grape shot and musketry from the fort, each man getting to the top of the hill as best he could. When we reached the top we made a charge on the fort, we entering on one side and the Mexicans scampering down the hill on the opposite side toward Monterey. As we did not intend to garrison the fort, we spiked the guns and returned to camp. Going down the hill I met my friend, John Waters, who presented a forlorn appearance. He was shot through the upper lip, knocking out his teeth, by a spent grape shot, which lodged on the side of his neck, under the skin. It was about the size of a partridge egg. As it went through the roof of his tongue, he could not speak. He made signs to me to cut it out, but as none of us had anything but dull pocket-knives, not fit for surgical operations, we carried him back to camp, a mile and a half, where the surgeon operated on him, and he got well.

Next day Gen. Worth made all preparations for attacking the bishop's palace that night. As it was heavily armed and garrisoned, he determined to surprise it in the night by *escalade* in the rear. Late that evening Lieut.-Col. Walker came to me, and said: "Lane, I want a reliable officer and twenty picked men to go in the night as near the bishop's palace as they can go, without being discovered, and stand guard until our attacking force comes up, who will relieve you. I have selected you for this duty.

Get your men and report at dark." Although highly flattered by the compliment, as the night was dark and rainy, and I did not know a foot of the road, I would have cheerfully given the only three dollars I had in the world if he had dropped the mantle on some other officer's shoulders.

We took our position within a half-mile of bishop's palace. I put two men a hundred yards in front, and the balance of us sat down on the roadside, holding our horses. I relieved the sentinels every hour, in person, and could plainly hear the Mexicans relieving theirs, as their picket was not much more than four hundred yards from mine.

About 3 o'clock I heard the tramp of marching men in our rear. I sent a man to see what caused it. He returned and reported our force was attacking, with Hays' regiment in advance. I reported to Hays how close we were to the enemy's pickets; that everything was quiet in front, and that, evidently, they had no suspicion we were going to attack the palace. He ordered me to fall in the rear with my squad; and, making a detour around the Mexican pickets, we commenced scaling the heights. Capt. Gillespie's company was in front at the *escalade*. As they got to the top of the hill, the noise they made woke the Mexican sentinel on duty, who sprung to his feet, crying: "Quien viva !" (who lives), at the same time shooting Capt. Gillespie through the stomach and mortally wounding him. Lieut. Wilson promptly shot the Mexican down, and the whole force soon got on the level above the bishop's palace and commenced the attack. The enemy was behind fortifications in strong force, while we were firing through the loop-holes. When the United States artillery company, by main force, pulled a six-pounder on top of the hill, we opened with that on the palace. After a few discharges we made a breach in the walls, charged through, and took

the palace in gallant style. The enemy retreated down to the city, under their forts. Our troops were fighting on the other side, and, after taking several forts, made a lodgment in the city. Our force, under Gen. Worth, charged down the main street, on our side, but the fire being so heavy behind barricades they had thrown up across the street, and from the house-tops, we had to take the houses on each side and go through them. Col. Hays went down the right hand, and Col. Walker on the left of the streets, fighting from house to house, and dislodging the Mexicans as we went. By nightfall, we had got within fifty yards of the main plaza, which was filled with their troops. Col. Walker and myself had the honor of sleeping in Gen. Ampudia's bed, their commander-in-chief, whom we had just routed out of his quarters.

As I had to relieve guard at 2 o'clock, and not knowing at what minute they might attack us, I laid down by the side of the colonel, *sans ceremonies*, with *boots* and *spurs* on. At daylight, in the morning, we commenced again from the house-tops, on both sides of the street, firing on them. Gen. Twiggs, at the upper plaza, had succeeded, in the night, in hoisting a twelve-pound mortar on the top of a two-story house. He commenced fire on the main plaza, dropping his shells in the midst of them. After a few rounds, there came out in the street below me, an officer with a white flag and a trumpeter. The trumpeter blew a *parley*. My men on the house-tops, not knowing or caring what it meant, promptly fired on them, killing the trumpeter and wounding the officer, who retreated behind a house. I called down to Col. Walker and informed him of the event. He said if the flag came out again for the men to cease firing. In a few minutes out came another officer and trumpeter with a white flag. Walker ordered me down

from the top of the house to go out and receive them. I got out in the street and waved my hat to him to come on, at the same time calling to the men on the house-tops not to fire. He approached me very delicately, evidently expecting every moment to be shot down. I took him to Col. Walker, who, finding he was the bearer of proposals of surrender from Gen. Ampudia, told me to take him up to the little plaza to Gen. Worth, which I did. Soon after this the order was transmitted all over the city to cease firing, as the enemy had proposed terms of capitulation. After two hours' negotiation, in which they beat our officers "all hollow" as diplomatists, the enemy got permission, if they would vacate the city, to march out with their arms, baggage and artillery, with bands playing and all the honors of war. I never felt meaner in my life, seeing them go by in the grand style they did; and our men, drawn up to see them pass, would say to each other: "*Them* fellows look like they have whipped us, instead of our having whipped them."

The enemy retreated out of town on the road that led to Saltillo, and we went into camp, where we remained a month. Hays' regiment, being enlisted for only six months, and our time having expired, as Gen. Taylor was not authorized to re-enlist us for a longer period, we were discharged and returned to Texas. Hays tried to get an order from the war department to raise another regiment. His application, with a host of others from other States, was refused, on the ground that there was no necessity for more troops. But, in fact, the war was just commencing..

Gen. Taylor, hearing that Santa Anna was massing troops, moved his force from Monterey to Saltillo, and, having but a small body of men, sent an order to Texas for

cavalry, as he was deficient in that arm. Lieut. Nelson and myself raised a company, composed of a hundred good men, from the adjoining counties. We were mustered into service by the old Sandusky hero, Col. Croghan.

The force, starting for the seat of war, we were joined at San Antonio by Capt. Bob Taylor's company, from Bonham, and G. W. Adams' company from Victoria. We agreed to form a battalion out of the three companies. I, being senior captain, proposed to waive my rank and elect Major Mike Chevallier to command; he being late major of Hays' regiment, and a gallant officer.

We got within seventy miles of Camargo, when I was sent on, in the night, with a comrade, by Major Chevallier, to have provisions and forage sent down next day four miles below Camargo, where we would strike the Rio Grande; the command having to make the whole seventy miles without a drop of water. My comrade and I, being well mounted, got to Camargo by 3 o'clock. I called on the quartermaster with a requisition, signed by Major Chevallier, for the necessary supplies. On presenting it to his clerk, in the outer office, he told me I could not see the *major*—the quartermaster—as he was particularly engaged. I replied that I could not help whether he was particularly engaged or not; that my order was pressing, and that he or some one must attend to my requisition, or I would certainly have him reported. The clerk took it and went into a back room, and returning told me the quartermaster wished to see me. He showed me into a room, where I found about a dozen officers, all in fine uniform, enjoying a dinner which, from the number of turkeys, chickens and the quantity of champagne on the table, must have been very appetizing. I was covered with dust after my long ride of seventy miles, and must have presented a forlorn

aspect; at least they must have thought so from the fact that one of them, Col. Humphrey Marshall, from Louisville, Ky., whom I had known for years, and sat opposite to him at his father's table a hundred times, was ashamed to recognize me. The quartermaster, in a patronizing way, said: "Here, my man, did you bring this requisition?" I answered, respectfully, with my hat off, "Yes, sir." "Well," he replied, "it is not worth the paper it is written on. It is not signed by the commanding officer of your battalion." I asked him who it should be signed by. He said: "By Capt. Lane, the senior captain, as Chevallier's election has not been ratified by the general commanding." I told him to hand me the requisition, and I would go out into the office and sign it myself. "What! You sign it?" I replied: "Yes, as I happen to be Capt. Lane, the senior officer." He looked at me in astonishment, evidently thinking to himself "out of what poor material these Texans manufacture senior officers!" I told him, if he doubted my statement, that Col. Humphrey Marshall, if he was not ashamed to do so, could prove my identity. Humphrey immediately jumped up, grabbed me by the hand, saying: "Lane, old fellow, I thought it *was you*, but could not believe it." I said: "I knew that devilish well, as soon as I came into the room; but you seemed to be ashamed to acknowledge me. But, owing to my appearance, I did not blame you much—not looking like an acquaintance you would like to introduce to your brother officers." He bitterly denied any intention of ignoring me, but I knew he lied. Humphrey immediately introduced me to all the officers, who treated me with great kindness. The quartermaster had a chair placed for me at the table, and I proceeded with great relish to *line* the inner man; but, before doing so, I requested the quartermaster to fill the requisi-

tion and send a boat with the supplies for the troops immediately, with which request he complied.

While eating a hearty dinner, washed down by various glasses of wine, I warmed to my work, telling some exploits I had gone through, by flood and field, all of which Col. Marshall solemnly asseverated, he being nearly drunk by that time. After a pleasant three hours' dinner, and having my skin well filled with champagne, I started down the river to meet my command. The officers, one and all, invited me to meet them at their quarters.

We remained at Camargo a few weeks, and started *en route* for Saltillo. We reported for duty to Gen. Wool. He added another company to our battalion, and sent us out in various directions as scouts. Soon after we got there, Major Chevallier and Gen. Wool had a disagreement. The major tendered his resignation, which was accepted, when the major went around to Gen. Scott's side to join Hays, who had a regiment there; and I was unanimously elected major of the battalion. Gen. Wool, who was a wide-awake officer and a *martinet*, kept us pretty busy. He would send an order out to me in the night to mount a company, take provisions, and start immediately for some town, perhaps a hundred miles off, to see if the Mexicans were forming, or if there was any danger of an attack from that point. He complimented me afterwards for my promptness, and told me the aid, who brought me the order, was told to report to him "how long it was before the company would get off," "which, to your credit, Major Lane," he said, "never exceeded a half hour after you received the order."

I was ordered, with my battalion, to report to Gen. Taylor, at Monterey, as he had some work for the rangers to do. I waited on the general, and received orders to go

down to Ceralvo and capture or kill a band of guerrilla's there, under Juan Flores, a noted guerrilla chief, who had captured several of our trains and perpetrated the most atrocious cruelties on our teamsters; and, after killing them, he would have their hearts cut out and placed on their breasts.

I took part of my command, went down to Ceralvo, scouted around the neighborhood that the bandit was said to infest, and, one day, in a dense chapparal, found some thirty of them encamped. We charged into them, killing or wounding about eight or ten of them. The balance stampeded in every direction through the chapparal, and we were unable to capture them.

Juan Flores immediately dispersed his band, and we, not knowing any of them personally, could not make any arrests.

Having done all I could, I intended next morning to leave for Monterey, when, in the night, two Mexicans hailed my sentinels and asked permission to speak to the *commandanta.* They were brought before me. Their faces were blackened with gunpowder, and had handkerchiefs tied around their heads so that they could not be recognized. They stated that they were well-to-do *rancheros;* that they were tired of Juan Flores' depredations upon them, and would rather trust to the mercy of the Americans. They offered to lead me to the village, some eight miles off, where Juan Flores was then secreted. I immediately ordered my men to mount, the Mexicans guiding us, with a man on each side of them, with pistols, with the assurance if they led us into any ambuscade they would be killed. We surrounded the little village, the Mexicans leading me and ten men to the main building. After beating on the door, which they at length opened, I ordered a woman to bring

lights. One of my guides, after muffling his face well in his *poncho*, led us to a back room in the house, pointed to the door, and said: "There!" We immediately entered, when a beautiful woman sprang out of bed, crying: "Cacara senors Americanos?" (What do you want, American gentlemen.) I told her we were after Juan Flores. She declared he was not there; but, as I had been atrociously lied to by *white* women, I did not give much credence to the assertions of the Mexican sister. The guide touched me on the arm and pointed to the bed, on which a man was lying, covered up. I pulled the covers off his face, when he rose up, saying: "Cacara, senor?" I turned to the guide, who nodded his head twice, and said: "Si, senor!" meaning, that's the man. The two guides beat a hasty retreat, fearing recognition. I told Flores to rise and put on his clothes: that he was my prisoner. His wife, thinking we were going to kill him then and there, threw her arms around me, and begged me "Por la amor de Dios, no mater moi marida!" (For the love of God, don't kill my husband!) I told her we would take him to Ceralvo and give him a fair trial, as he was accused of a great many atrocities perpetrated on Americans.

Next day, when we reached Ceralvo, I ordered a court martial to try him. The charges being proven against him, he was sentenced to be shot the day after, I wishing as many Mexicans to witness the execution as possible, so as to strike his confederates with terror.

At 12 o'clock my men were drawn up on the plaza, the prisoner brought out in front of them, and placed with his back against a stone wall, the firing party ten steps from him. Just then a priest came up to me and requested permission to administer the consolations of the church to the prisoner, which I readily granted. He listened respectfully

to the priest during his exhortation, pulled out his tobacco, rolled up a cigarette, and lit it. When the priest got through he shook hands with him, touching his hat respectfully; then folded his arms on his breast, with the cigarette between his lips, and faced the firing party. I asked him, through an interpreter, if he would turn his back on the firing party or be blindfolded. He said neither, he wanted to look them in the face. Just then Col. Doniphan's regiment came into town, on their march for home. No inducement of the officers could make the men leave until they saw that Mexican shot. Several came up to the executing party and offered to give them ten dollars for their places, so they could shoot the Mexican. I gave the order, "Make ready!"—Flores drew himself up and threw out his breast—"Aim!" "Fire!" Three balls went through his head and three through his breast. He sprang three feet in the air and fell dead.

The command then returned to Monterey, and I reported to Gen. Taylor what we had done. He expressed himself well pleased with my mission, stating it would be a death blow to guerrillas in that part of the country.

Shortly afterwards, he sent for me to come to his headquarters, and stated to me that he had received information that Gen. Gurea was massing troops at Madelina, a city of some ten thousand inhabitants, distant about one hundred and fifty miles from Monterey, in the interior. He wished me to take my command and go down, by forced marches, and ascertain if the report was true. I told him all right, I would start next day with three hundred men.

He certainly showed very little consideration for our safety, in sending so small a force into a hostile country, so far from succor or supply; for, had Gurea been there, as we heard, with ten thousand men, very few of us would have

escaped to give him the information; all of which, I was aware, would not have troubled Gen. Taylor much, as he had a queer opinion of Texas troops. For, he said to an officer, one day: "On the day of battle, I am glad to have Texas soldiers with me, for they are brave and gallant; but I never want to see them before or afterwards, for they are too hard to control."

I reached Madelina, after forced marches, on the third day after night. I halted my men, dismounted behind a stone aqueduct, detailing three squads of ten men each to go simultaneously up three different streets, all leading to the plaza, where I supposed the enemy would be encamped, if they were in force there. They were instructed, if they came across any armed Mexicans, to order their surrender, and fire upon them if they refused.

As Lieut. Earland and squad were going up a street—it being moonlight—an armed Mexican came galloping down towards them. They ordered—in Spanish—for him to halt and surrender, or they would kill him. He observed: "Carajoa Americans!" (damn the Americans) setting spurs to his horse and flying away.

John Glandon went in swift pursuit of him, and, being mounted on a race-horse, was soon alongside of him. He ordered him, in Spanish, to halt or he would kill him; he paying no attention, John shot him through the body and took possession of his fine horse.

The three squads met in the plaza, and, finding out from the Mexicans there was no force concentrating there, returned to where I was stationed.

I was immensely relieved, for my horses were jaded and in no fix to escape from an overwhelming pursuing force. I sent an officer and squad to the governor of the city to state to him the object of our mission there, and that the

Mexicans must send next morning to me at a hacienda, two miles distant, provisions and forage for three hundred men —which he did. He called on me himself next day and expressed great sorrow for the Mexican's death. I explained to him it was his own fault, as every one in Mexico knew that *halt* meant stop, and if this order was disobeyed they would have to take the consequences. He answered the man was an "umbra beuan," (a good man), and requested me to let him have his horse for his wife and children, which I cheerfully did.

We remained there three or four day, resting our horses, and returned by easy marches to Monterey. Next morning I rode out to Gen. Taylor's headquarters to report, when, instead of the kind and affable manner he always received me, he commenced abusing my command as a set of robbers and cut-throats. The governor of Madelina had written to him, per express, stating that we had murdered this man in cold blood, had refused to pay a cent for provisions and forage for our troops, and acted in a manner unbecoming United States soldiers.

I tried to explain to Gen. Taylor that the governor's report was a lie; that the man was shot for refusing to halt in the night; that all the provisions and forage we received was paid for by my quartermaster and commissary; and told him if he doubted my word I could prove it by one of his regular officers (Lieut. Shackelford) who had gone with me as an amateur. He refused to send for the lieutenant, and ordered me to send John Glandon—the murderer, as he called him—immediately to his headquarters, in irons. This, I flatly refused to do, stating that Glandon had merely obeyed my orders, and that if any one deserved punishment, "I," who gave the order, was the one. He asked: "Sir, you refuse to obey my order?" I replied: "I most

emphatically do. And, furthermore, you are a general and I am a little major; but I won't stand here any longer and hear my men and myself abused as robbers and cut-throats." I touched my hat to him and started off, when he ordered me to halt. I told him I had heard enough and declined to hear any more. He ordered me again: "Halt, sir! I place you under arrest!" I told him I would see about that, and made for old "Buncombe," that was tied under a tree close by. When I got on him I felt confident that he had no dragoons that could overtake me and "Buncombe" before we got to Monterey.

When I got to my quarters I sent for John Glandon and told him to skip for San Antonio, as Gen. Taylor was bound to have his scalp, and I could not protect him. I said: "Get away at once, as in half an hour I shall be under arrest." John did not "hesitate upon the order of his going," but went at once.

Shortly afterwards, Col. Bliss, acting adjutant general, rode up to my quarters and told me he had an unpleasant duty to perform, which was to place me under arrest for disobeyance of orders. I laughed at him, and told him I had been expecting him for the last hour. He said he wished to see the senior officer of my command. I sent for Capt. Adams. He told Capt. Adams that Gen. Taylor ordered him to send John Glandon, in irons, to him immediately. Adams looked at me in astonishment when Bliss addressed himself to him; but I told him I was under arrest; he was in command, and to obey the order—if he could. He sent over camp looking for John. In half an hours' time he reported to Bliss that John was *non est*. I pulled out my watch, looked at it, and told Bliss that I thought by that time John was about eleven miles on the road to San Antonio; I didn't think there was any dragoons

in Gen. Taylor's command who could overtake him on "Old Charlie." I then explained to Bliss, who was a nice, polished gentleman, about my trip to Madelina, and requested him to send for Lieut. Shackelford, who would verify my statement. He did so, and, after a few days, old "Rough and Ready" sent for me, relieved me from arrest, and made a grumbling kind of apology that he had been too hasty. He was kind to me after that, and I was sorry when the old gentleman was sent around to Scott's line.

Soon after I was ordered to report to Gen. Wool, at Buena. I encamped on the other side of him, near Encontalla. It was my duty to send squads and companies at different points, to guard against a surprise from the enemy. As the village (Encontalla) was situated at the mouth of the pass, I had ten men and an officer stationed as a standing picket. The men had got so accustomed to their duty they did not wish to return to camp, each one having his horse tied in front of the *alcade*, and, from the respect shown him by the women and children, you would have thought he was the father of the family.

One morning, about 8 o'clock, here came the pickets tearing into camp, at break-neck speed, most of them *sans* bridles and saddles. It appeared they had not kept a vigilant watch in the pass, and three hundred Comanche Indians dashed down on the village, my men barely having time to jump on their horses at the doors of their families, cut the ropes and flee for their lives. When they reported, I immediately had "Boots and saddles," sounded; gave orders for no man to fall in unless he had a good horse, as I knew it would be a long chase, and I was determined to see the color of some of those Comanches' hair before I returned to camp. I set the gait at the head of my command at a hard gallop. After going about six miles I saw the

enemy's dust rising from their cavalcade, as they had some three hundred mules and horses they had stolen from the Mexicans with them. We immediately made for the dust, and, after three hours, came up with them. Our pace being so rapid, numbers of my men's horses gave out, so that when I came up with them, I had only eighty men to oppose their three hundred warriors. When I got close to them, their chief, seeing it was going to be a fight, halted his men and threw them into line, in regular battle order, riding up and down the line, with a red and white scarf tied around his neck and arm streaming to the ground, exhorting his men to stand firm.

I kept on in a gallop until we got within sixty yards of them, when I ordered: "Head of column, halt! Front into line!" The men came into line as they came up. I rode down the line and asked: "Are you all ready for a charge?" Reply, "Ready!" I gave the command, "Charge! and go through them!" which was literally obeyed, our men going through them like they had been greased, and the Indians scattering in all directions.

We pursued them to the foot of Sierra del Madre mountain, up which they scrambled, leaving their horses, my men firing at them as long as they were in reach.

As I was crossing a ravine I saw a boy, of my command, rush up on a big Indian, who was afoot, and snap his gun at his head, which missed fire. I wheeled my horse, just as I saw the Indian seize and jerk the boy's gun out of his hand. Being at full speed, I shot the Indian through the breast, and, running my horse against him, knocked him a distance of ten feet upon a pile of rocks.

We got our killed and wounded together—killed, 4; wounded, 14. We killed and captured some forty of the Indians. We came across an Indian with his thigh broken

and shot through the breast. I wanted to take him prisoner and cure him. He had a long knife in his hand, and cut at all who came near him. I had a man with me who had lived with the Comanches ten years, and spoke their language. He tried to get him to surrender, but he would not listen to him, but kept flourishing his knife. I told two men to run in on him and capture him, as I wanted to take him to camp, cure him, and send him home. The Indian made a cut at one of the men, who warded it off with his gun-barrel, but got cut on the hand. He drew back, cocked his gun, and blew out the Indian's brains.

When the Indians took to the mountain to escape they left about three hundred mules and horses, also six Mexican girls and eight boys (prisoners) that they were taking home to Texas with them as captives. I returned them all to their families, who lived about sixty miles distant. The horses and mules I took to my camp.

In a few days I was beset with orders, from Gen. Wool, to deliver to the Mexican, named in the order, the horses and mules that he claimed. I stood this a few days, when I found out the Mexicans would come to my camp, and view the horses and mules, take on a piece of paper their brands, and then go to Gen. Wool and prove by two witnesses it was their property, and get an order for the same to be turned over to them.

One day three respectable-looking Mexicans came to my camp with an order from Gen. Wool to deliver to them a fine *paint* horse. I went out with them to where we kept the stock, when, much to my astonishment, they pointed out a horse belonging to one of my men, that was mustered into the United States service two years before, and had belonged to my command ever since. They swore bitterly it was their horse, and that they had raised him from a colt.

I, being averse to any hard feeling or difficulty, whispered to a few of my men to take the Mexicans down to a ravine close by and settle the horse question with them; which they did, giving them about *one hundred apiece*, the Mexicans barely escaping with their lives. These were the last that ever visited my camp for horses or mules. Having thus summarily disposed of all claimants, none others applying, I sent the balance of the stock to Saltillo and sold it, and divided the proceeds among the men.

My surgeon, Dr. McMurtry, informed me, the day after our Indian fight, that as he had the fourteen wounded to attend to in addition to his regular patients, that he would need an assistant. Capt. Bob Taylor, who happened to be present, told me that he had a young man in his company, a regular graduate, who could fill the requirements. His name was James W. Throckmorton, late governor of Texas, who was appointed second surgeon of my command.

For several days after the fight my camp was crowded with officers, from Buena Vista, to see the trophies we had captured from the Indians, which consisted of bows, shields, spears and arrows, and tomahawks, and all the silver ornaments that appertained to some forty or fifty that we killed. The sight was novel to them, as most of them had never seen an Indian in their lives.

In a short time Gen. Wool sent for me, and said he wished to make a reconnoisance towards San Louis Potosi, with a view to marching there if the route was practicable. He told me he wished me to take my command—some four hundred men—and he would send Capt. John Pope, topographical engineer, with me, to take the topography of the country. (Capt. Pope was the late celebrated general who kept his quarters, both head and hind, in the saddle.)

I represented to Gen. Wool that, going some three hun-

dred miles into the enemy's territory, and having to pass large cities, which were likely garrisoned, if we were attacked, we would be so far from our base of support that most of us would be killed, and very few of our number, in all probability, would be able to report to him the result of our mission. But, if he would allow me to take forty *picked* men, on forty *picked* horses, of my command, we would penetrate into the country as far as practical, and get out with whole bones; for, any small party of Mexicans we could *whip*, and any large force we could *run*. He told me he thought the idea was an insane one, but as Capt. Pope warmly seconded my proposal, Gen. Wool consented.

I got a trusty guide, who knew the whole country through which we had to travel, offering to pay him large wages if he piloted us safely through and back; requiring him, at the same time, to bring his wife and children into my camp as hostages for the faithful performance of his duty.

The guide took us over mountains and through the thinnest settled part of the country, avoiding large roads and villages. We penetrated into the country nearly two hundred miles, when, finding ourselves one night near Cedral, a town of some four thousand inhabitants, we encamped at a *hacienda*, four miles from town, putting a guard at each gate, to prevent any person leaving and giving information of our approach.

After a good night's rest, and our horses in *tip-top* condition, we started next morning and rode leisurely into the town of Cedral. Our guide, knowing where the commandanta lived, took us down to his house. We halted in front of his door, when I told a Mexican: "Yo cara vista el commandanta." (I wish to see the commandanta.) He immediately came out. By this time hundreds had gath-

ered around us, crying: "Madra de Dios, los Americanos!" (Mother of God, the Americans.) I told the commandanta that we were the advance of Gen. Wool's army, who would be up in a day or so, *en route* for San Louis Potosi, and that I wanted quarters, forage, and rations for my men, for which we would pay. He said, "All right," and called for an official to escort us to the barracks, a short distance. I insisted on his honoring us with his company, which he appeared loath to do; but as I was pertinacious, although polite, he finally went with us. (I was determined to hold on to the commandanta, feeling sure our safety depended on him.) He evidently thought I was holding him as a hostage for the good behavior of his townsmen.

The barracks was a large building, with a double gate, fronting on the street, and a twenty-foot stone wall all around it. We marched in and closed the double-door, leaving a sentinel at the small door, through which the commandanta had our supplies brought for the men. He sent out his servants, and had a most appetizing breakfast, with liquors, wines, etc., for Capt. Pope and myself, at which he joined us.

I had a man on the top of the wall as a "look-out," who reported to me that couriers were being sent across the plains at headlong speed; some to Matahuala, twelve miles distant, where a regiment of lancers were stationed, and others to Realcatosa, where a regiment of infantry was encamped.

Our breakfast was an elaborate one, we drinking repeated toasts, and the commandanta expressing the most devoted friendship for us.

By this time the crowd on the plaza was getting boisterous, yelling out, "Matar los Americanos!" (Kill the Americans.) The alcalde heard the commotion, and ap-

peared very anxious to leave us, as he had important business to attend to. I assured him the pleasure of his company was so great we could not spare him for awhile, and we took another drink with all the ceremony and politeness that is usual with polished gentlemen.

By this time the sentinel sent me down word that there were a thousand men on the plaza, arming themselves with guns, swords and pistols, and shouting, "Death to the Americans!" Having been there about two hours, I thought it was high time to leave. I ordered the men to "Mount! Four double files!" Two men threw open the double-doors and we marched out. The guide told me that fifty yards off there was an alley that led in the direction we wanted to go. I *stuck to* the alcalde until the command passed me, when, shaking him by the hand, with mutual expressions of friendship, I then fell into the rear. As there was no concert of action among the Mexicans, and they seeing the alcalde on such friendly terms with me, we wheeled down the alley on a walk, and were out of the town before they realized that we were a reconnoitering party.

It was about 10 o'clock when we left there, and from then until dark we kept up a pretty brisk gait, knowing that, in a few hours, a regiment of lancers would be in pursuit of us. After dark the guide told me that we had better take to the mountains, the passes of which he knew, and would thereby avoid pursuit. After travelling eight or ten miles we encamped at a *hacienda*, where we remained all night, refreshing both man and horse. When we camped next night, after a good day's long march, I asked him (the guide) how far it was to Salado. He replied: "Dos leagor, senor; other lou el Sierra." (Two leagues, sir; the other side of the mountain.) I told the sentinel to wake me and

the command up at 3 o'clock, as I was going to surprise Salado at daylight and get the bones of the Mier prisoners —who drew the black beans, and were shot there—and send them to Texas to be buried in their native soil.

Pope, who slept with me, was bitterly opposed to being routed out at that time of night. I told him it could not be expected that he would have the same feeling on the subject as I had—as a Texan--but those bones I was going to have, all the same.

We got to the town at daylight. I sent a lieutenant and twenty men around to the back gate, and myself, with the remainder, hallooed at the front gate for admittance. The Mexicans opened the gate, after looking at us in astonishment. They yelled out: "Amalgama Dios, los Americans!" (Almighty God, the Americans.) They were terribly alarmed, thinking we were going to murder them. I assured the alcalde he need be under no apprehension, that we would do him no harm; that I wished breakfast and forage for man and horse, for which I would pay. He soon had the men billeted at different houses, taking Pope and myself to his, where he gave us an excellent breakfast, *a la Mehacana.* I asked if he was living there when the Meir prisoners were decimated. He at first denied that he was, but when I assured him that I only wanted their bones to send home to Texas to their relatives, he acknowledged he was. He took me outside of the walls of the town and showed me the ditch where they were buried, side by side. I told him to get some men with spades to exhume them; putting an officer to superintend it, and directing him to see that the bones of each skeleton were tied compactly together. I ordered four large boxes, capable of holding the bones of the sixteen prisoners. As he had government mules there he was herding, I pressed two of the finest,

with their aparahoes, for which I gave them a receipt on my government, paid them in cash for what my men had received, and struck out for Saltillo.

After arriving at Buena Vista, and reporting to Gen. Wool, I got permission from him to send Capt. John Dusenbery, and a private, to Texas with their remains. They took them to La Grange, on the Colorado, where several of them had relatives, and the people from the surrounding country came in and buried them on a high eminence overlooking the river. I have since learned that a monument has been erected over them.

After several months, "peace was proclaimed." Gen. Wool, when he vacated Saltillo, appointed my command to the "post of honor," to bring up the rear. My orders were to encamp, each night, two miles in the rear, and send in all *stragglers*, at night, under guard to his camp, and turn them over to the provost marshal for punishment. The soldiers on the march would naturally want to "skip out" of ranks, to buy chickens and eggs and court the senoritas. At nightfall we generally had about two wagon loads of stragglers. I would, according to orders, send them to Wool's camp, under guard. But, as I had been once *young myself*, and still had a taste for the *fine arts*, I ordered the officer to dump them out close to their camp, and no doubt all got in.

When we reached Monterey all the troops passed Gen. Wool's headquarters in review. As my command was two miles in the rear, the general thought the review was over, and had retired. I halted in front of his quarters, when he came out hastily, buckling on his sword with one hand and wiping his mouth with the other. I thought the old gentleman had been imbibing, and was delighted when he told me, after the review, to come in and join him

in a glass of wine. I went in, but took whisky *in mine*, as wine was deleterious to my constitution. He invited me to dine with him—most of the officers had a similar invitation—I declined, as I had to encamp my men at Walnut Springs, two miles distant, but would call on him in the evening. Late that evening, when I called, I found him in a "towering rage." He stated that Col. Chas. Clark, commanding the Second Mississippi regiment, had grossly insulted him, and had proposed to "whale h—l out of him if he said another word." This was at the general's own table, the other officers having left. They got into a dispute about something and, Clark being nearly drunk, told Wool he was a liar. Wool went out to order a guard to arrest him. Clark left and went up the street; saw the guard after him, and stepped into a store. The sergeant called on him to surrender. He drew his sword and refused. The guard rushed on him, parrying his blows with their musket barrels, closed with him and brought him to the floor. They took him to the acting adjutant general's quarters, where he was placed in arrest. Gen. Wool told me all this, being greatly excited, as it had transpired only a short time before. I expressed great astonishment that a gallant officer (Col. Clark) should have been guilty of so great an impropriety to a superior officer, and told him there must have been some cause for it. I said: "General, he must have been drunk." He replied: "Col. Clark had drank a good deal, both before and after dinner, and that was likely the cause of it." I told the general, as he was partly to blame for it—forcing his fine wines and liquors on the colonel, who was, no doubt, droughty after a long day's march—he ought to be lenient with him. I told him, if he would allow me, I would go and see Col. Clark and get him to apologize. He consented. I went and saw

Clark, who was "raving and pitching" like a goat at a gate-post about his being arrested. I explained to him how foolish it looked, on the eve of our being disbanded, to have a serious personal difficulty with Gen. Wool, an officer whom I well knew he both liked and appreciated. I told him Gen. Wool would accept his apology in person, which he agreed to make. The adjutant general, hearing our conversation, told Col. Clark he was released from arrest, and requested us to go to Gen. Wool's headquarters. When he appeared before the general he drew himself up very stiff—*a la militaire.* Clark made a rambling, incoherent apology, and, if he had been closely questioned, would have acknowledged, like my countryman Pat, who, after "bating" the policeman, and raising Cain generally, was asked by the mayor if he didn't think whisky had something to do with it, answered: "Yis, yer Honor; I was drunk!" The general immediately extended his hand, and a reconciliation took place. He invited us to take a glass of wine with him, which we did, cheerfully. I thought at the time that Col. Clark did not particularly need it, his skin being then pretty full. I left them talking very friendly, and returned to camp. I had gone about a mile when I met the Second Mississippi regiment and my battalion in full march for Monterey, *to whip the regular regiment at that place and rescue* Col. Clark, at all hazards. I told Lieut.-Col. Wilcox, who was in command, that the *emergency* was over; that Col. Clark was released, and I had just left him and Gen. Wool over a glass of wine, deploring the altercation they had had. As soon as the men heard the news they gave three cheers, when the order was given: "About face for camp. March!" when we all went.

I will here mention, in connection with Col. Clark, that

he was as gallant a soldier as ever lived, and fell at the head of his regiment, riddled with balls, while making a charge at Baton Rouge, on the Federal lines, during the late civil war.

We rested next day at Monterey, being *en route* for Camargo. Most of the soldiers being on leave, visited the city, and some of them became a little hilarious. Capt. Lewis, of my battalion, was quite so. He saw fit to grossly insult Col. Bowles, of the United States infantry, who was patroling the street, with a guard, to preserve order. He gratuitously informed him that he could whip his whole regiment with a hundred Texans. The colonel became indignant, and told him if "he did not behave himself, he would have him arrested and sent to the guard-house." Lewis defied him, saying: "You have not got enough men to do it." The colonel wheeled his men into line, ordering Lewis, who was on horseback, to surrender, or he would kill him. Lewis, in reply, drew his sword, and said: "Never!" He was just about to make a dash through the guards, who had their guns presented, when I came up. Seeing the situation at a glance, I called to Lewis to "halt!" went up to Col. Bowles, touched my hat, and told him I was Major Lane, of the Texas cavalry; that Lewis was one of my officers, and that, if allowed, I would see him arrested and taken to camp. He observed, very courteously: "Major Lane, I know you by character, and respect you. Your officer has insulted me grossly; but, if you will take charge of him, I will feel perfectly satisfied." I went up to Lewis and told him he was under arrest, to sheath his sword and dismount. He did so, saying: "I will obey your orders, but not his," casting a contemptuous glance at Bowles. I took Lewis into a hotel near by, where I told him to remain until he got sober; then go to camp and not

bring the command into disgrace. This he did. I will here dispose of poor Capt. Lewis. He was a gallant soldier, a Mier prisoner, and drew a bean—luckily, a white one—at Salado, thence taken on to Parote Castle, where he paved streets, with other prisoners, for a year before they were liberated. His good looks materially assisted him there, as the Mexican ladies, who were very susceptible to manly beauty, gave him many a *square* meal, while his ill-favored comrades got little or nothing. He had a great appreciation for the ladies, which, unfortunately, brought him to grief; for, after his return to Texas, he was seen coming out of a house, by the owner, who, thinking Lewis had no particular business there, put sixteen buckshot through him. Jealousy, it was thought by some, had something to do with it, as Lewis was well-known and highly appreciated in the neighborhood, and was a candidate for congress at the time he was shot.

We proceeded from Monterey to Camargo, where we were to be discharged, I encamping in the rear, as usual, two miles from Gen. Wool, and every night bringing into his camp a liberal supply of infantry, who had been skirmishing around without orders, "doing duty to the *graces*."

Arriving at Camargo, Gen. Wool gave a banquet on board the steamboat he was going on, to his general and field officers, at which I was present. After dinner, when wine came on, and toasts and sentiments were in order, Gen. Wool proposed my health.

He arose to his feet at the head of the table, I rising also, and stated to the officers—some forty in number—that he wished to express to me his appreciation of the services I had rendered to Gen. Taylor and himself during the long period I had been under his orders. He further said, when he sent an order to my camp for a com-

pany to go on a scout, whether it was by day or night, that within forty minutes after its reception the men were in the saddle, en route. I felt highly gratified by this encomium from Gen. Wool, in the presence of my brother officers, as the General was well known to be a strict martinet, and very cautious about giving any credit except when it was due. The troops were all disbanded at Camargo, the infantry going down the river, where vessels awaited them, to go to their respective homes, and the Texans crossing and proceeding into Texas. I left Texas in a short time and went to Wheeling, Va,, to see my relatives, where I remained some months.

In the spring of 1849, hearing of the gold mines of California, and being very *impecunious*, concluded to go there, which I did, *via* Independence, Mo. We arrived at Sacramento, Cal., after a tedious and uneventful journey. I mined there four years, with varied success, sometimes having thousands and again *flat broke*.

After mining a year, I realized eight thousand dollars, and, wishing to start a provision store on the American river, some fifty miles above Sacramento, I wrote to San Francisco to lay in my stock of goods. I wanted to get my goods to the mines before the rainy season set in, but on my return to Sacramento it had set in with a vengeance. The best I could do was to take my goods up the American river in boats to the foot of the hills, where wagons were to meet me. I got them there, pitched a big settler's tent, stored my goods in it, and waited for the wagons. My tent was about twenty-four feet above the river, on a high knoll. The boats returned to Sacramento, leaving me and James McMurtry, the brother of my late surgeon in Mexico, and I was taking him up with me to his brother in the mines. The river commenced rising about nightfall,

but as we were so high above it, I paid but very little attention to it. McMurtry and I went to sleep, and were disagreeably awakened, about daylight next morning, by the water running through the tent. I got up, found the water all around us, and sat McMurtry, who was very weak, on the top of a barrel of flour, and put all my perishable goods on barrels and hogsheads. By this time the water was a foot deep in the tent, but I, thinking (like the gentleman who asked Noah to take him in the ark, and, on being refused, told him to go to thunder with his old boat, as it was not going to be much of a shower, anyhow,) there was no danger of any higher rise, felt pretty secure; but in half an hour the water came up to my knees, and still rising. I, luckily, had a small India rubber bed, which I immediately inflated and tied a rope to one end. In a few minutes afterwards, a wave striking the tent, *bang* went a hogshead of crackers, sailing through and tearing down the tent. Barrels of flour and lighter merchandise *waltzed* out after it, leaving me up to my middle in water, and still holding on to the bed in which poor McMurtry was lying. Taking the rope in my teeth, and, towing the bed, I struck out for the shore opposite the river. It being eddying water, and ice-cold from the mountains, it was difficult to swim in, especially towing a bed with a man on it. I got within twenty steps of the shore, when, becoming exhausted, I sank. I touched bottom, came up again, and made an effort to secure the bed. McMurtry, who was unable to do anything, looked at me so beseechingly—he knowing that the bed could not support us both—that I again struck out for the shore. After swimming a few steps I sank again, but found bottom at four feet depth. I pulled the bed ashore, got Jim off, and laid down and vomited for about half an hour from sheer exhaustion. I knew there was not

a house in ten miles of us, and was studying what to do with poor McMurtry. Knowing that the road that led to the mines could not be more than half a mile off, I went to it. I there found some wagoners encamped, who kindly went back and brought McMurtry up. We remained all night with them, and they agreed to take McMurtry up to where his brother was mining. I started back for Sacramento, being in *undress* costume; in fact, bare-footed, with shirt and drawers. They kindly contiibuted to my toilet, one giving me a pair of pantaloons, the *slack* of the seat of which reached to my knees; another gave me an old, swallow-tailed coat, the tails of which nearly dragged the ground; another *good samaritan* presented me with a stove-pipe hat and a pair of boots, four sizes too large for me. The gentlemen were, unfortunately for me, six-foot, robust Missourians, and I was tall and slender; consequently, the clothes could not be termed a tight fit. Being thus rigged out—a *la mode* Paris—after thanking them warmly for their kindness, and recommending McMurtry to their care, and taking two or three drinks of Pike county whisky with them, I started for Sacramento, some twenty miles distant, *on foot.* Having the world before me, with a six-shooter and thirty dollars in gold dust, all my earthly possessions, I felt buoyant and elastic. Getting within four miles of the city, I found it all submerged in water. A philanthropist in a skiff kindly offered to take me down for ten dollars. We traded. Going down the main street of the city I saw four rough-looking fellows in my large boat I had sent back there, and I immediately boarded and claimed her. They drew oars and pistols on me, telling me to get overboard or they would kill me. Just then a skiff was passing, in which I saw two of my old soldiers—Owry and Hargrove. I hailed them to come up and help me. They

asked: "Who the d——l are you?" evidently not recognizing me in my tightly fitting opera suit. I told them I was their old major—Lane. They immediately jumped aboard and drew their pistols, when we made a dash on the occupants, who hallooed: "Don't shoot!" jumped overboard and made for the shore. I took the boat down to the old theatre, the upper rooms of which my friends occupied, the lower part being submerged, and hired a crew of four men and went wrecking. My friends kindly furnished me with a suit of clothes, not quite so *pronounced* as the ones I had on. The city, having from four to six feet of water in each street, and it running like a mill-tail through the canvass houses, floated off goods and barrels, quantities of which lodged in the timber half a mile below the city. I succeeded in capturing some sixty barrels of fine wines and liquors, which I deposited in the lower story of the theatre. After the waters subsided I had my barrels rolled out on the levy. I went around to all the merchants and told them to come forward, prove property, and pay salvage. Out of sixty barrels, there was only ten claimed, as the marks and brands of the others were washed off from being so long in the water. I realized a nice little sum from the sale of the liquors and my boat.

I then went to Nevada and commenced mining again. Having good luck that summer, I built a store house in Nevada City, bought me two wagons and teams, and went down to Sacramento, seventy-five miles distant, and bought a twelve thousand dollar stock of goods to take up to Nevada. I got the goods up there, just before the rainy season set in. I owed four thousand dollars on the stock, and was just commencing to sell, when a little *fire* broke out one night. The houses being all contiguous, and built of pine boards, lined with domestics, in ten minutes it was

all in flames. I had barely time to grab my boots and clothes and break out of the back door. Next morning the world was staring me in the face, looking lovely, but somehow I did not feel very exuberant from the fact that I had only eight mules left, and owed that four thousand dollars on the goods. I sold four mules, packed one with provisions and a tent, and got two men to go with me, and struck out for Shasta City, and went to mining near there. I wrote to my merchant in Sacramento where I was located. In eight months he kindly came by to inquire after my health, (as he said,) when I paid him the four thousand dollars, and we parted with mutual expressions of good will.

Having gotten tired of mining, and having some five or six thousand dollars on hand, I went to San Francisco. I there got me a plug hat and a dude suit of clothes, and enjoyed myself for several months, being acquainted with the governor and head officials of the state. My old soldier, Major Roman, then state treasurer, got me letters of introduction from the governor to our *charge de affairs* in Peru, South America—J. Randolph Clay. I took passage in a sailing vessel for that republic. On our way down we stopped at San Juan Fernandez, a penal island for the government of Chili, three hundred miles distant from the mainland. I inquired of the officers on duty, very affectionately, for my old friends, Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday. They assured me, solemnly, that there must be some mistake about the gentleman I mentioned living there, as they had never even heard of them; that their government had had a garrison there for over a hundred years; and, as to my friend Robinson's goats, there was not a blessed goat on the island.

We arrived safely at Calleo, the port of entry for the city of Lima, at which place I stayed three months. I

presented my letters of introduction to Mr. Clay, who received me very kindly, and invited me to dine at his house. After dinner he told me, in confidence, over a glass of wine, that there was not an honest man or a virtuous woman in the whole republic; that they all had their price, and most of them would sell out remarkably cheap. This, coming from him, who had married a Peruvian lady, I thought sounded queer; but, from my observations during my sojourn there, I was induced to emphatically believe his assertion.

While in the city one night, at my hotel, my friend and I left our negro servant in our room (who was going back to Texas with us, and couldn't speak a word of Spanish) to guard our gold while we took a promenade around town. He locked the door and laid down with a six-shooter by his side. Presently a little earthquake came along and shook him off the lounge on to the floor. He thought the world was coming to an end, grabbed a bag of gold under each arm, the six-shooter in his hand, and rushed down stairs, with his eyes nearly startled out of his head with terror, into the presence of a large number of gentlemen in the office room. The clerk, who spoke English, happened to see him, and took him into the office and sat him down until we returned. He was thoroughly demoralized, and begged us, with tears in his eyes, to leave that God-forsaken country and return to Texas, or we would all be swallowed up in an earthquake.

We took passage in an English steamer for Panama, and from there to New Orleans. After remaining there a couple of months, the world being all before me, I concluded to visit my brother George, in Marshall, Texas, whom I had not seen for several years. I went into business there, and stayed about a year and a half, when a

spirit of unrest took hold of me again. I raised a company and went to Arizona to prospect for gold. I found gold there very scarce and the Apache Indians very numerous; in fact, before you found a dollar's worth of gold, you would find a hundred Indians, and all of them hostile. Most of the company, becoming discouraged with the prospecting, returned. I, with five others, concluded to start a ranch, near Calabasas, and raise corn for Fort Buchanan, thirty miles distant from our ranch. We worked under difficulties, having to stand guard every night over our stock, and dig trenches to irrigate our land, as it only rained once a year. We raised some two thousand bushels, a splendid crop for our force, which we sold to the fort at four dollars a bushel. Getting tired of farming, and not wishing to come back to Texas in the winter, I got a clerkship at the fort from the sutler. Having been a major in the United States service in Mexico, I was received with great courtesy by the officers at the fort. Major Enoch Steen, who was in command of the four companies of cavalry, sent me a polite invitation, on the night of my arrival, to take supper at his quarters, which I did. I found there fourteen officers, three card tables set out, a side table with all kinds of liquors and cigars, and we enjoyed ourselves until 3 o'clock in the morning in poker, wine and conversation. This was stereotyped for the three months I remained at the fort, for every night some officer would give a like entertainment, to which I was invited. The first night at Major Steens' I lost two hundred dollars at poker, which rather disgusted me. I was determined to get even and then quit the entertainments. In a few nights I not only got even, but was considerably ahead, and, disliking to quit when I was winner, I kept on attending the parties until spring. After the fourteenth officer would give his

reception, then it would come my turn, and I would give them a "blow-out" at the sutler's, which generally cost me a hundred dollars. Most of them being young officers, and having no wives there, to pass away the time would indulge a good deal in wines and cards. I often saw Capt. (late General) Ewell dealing faro—a game he knew nothing about—out of his hand. I returned to Marshall and went to merchandizing, at which I continued until the war broke out.

LATE CIVIL WAR.

When the war broke out, in 1860, and wishing to have a finger in that pie, I joined Capt. Winston's company, of Harrison county, as a private. We went to Dallas, and were mustered into service under Col. Greer, and christened the Third Texas cavalry. At the organization I was elected lieutenant-colonel—a big stride for a private to make. We then proceeded to Springfield, Mo., to reinforce Gens. McCulloch and Price. Gen. Lyons was in command of the federal forces at that place. We encamped within some three miles of the town, and, after reconnoitering a few days, concluded to make a night attack on the town and take them by surprise. We were ordered to hold ourselves in readiness to march at 2 o'clock that night, but as it clouded up and there were indications of rain, and we having no cartridge boxes to preserve our ammunition, we were ordered to lay on our arms until daylight. A similar idea, it appears, struck Gen. Lyons about the surprise business, for he marched that night, with infantry and artillery, and at daylight was complacently looking down on us while we were at breakfast in the valley. He opened on us with artillery and musketry, stampeding our own and Churchill's regiments. I rode down the line, and, the horses being saddled, ordered the men to mount, and drew them from under fire. We were then ordered up to the right, to attack them there. We formed and charged through them. My horse was shot centrally through, falling dead under me. My men, passing on in the charge, I was left alone. I succeeded in getting back on the ridge,

where I found a dying German soldier who had just fallen off his horse. I immediately appropriated the animal, and, although the saddle was covered with blood, I never stopped to wipe it off, (it being no time to swap horses) but mounted and rejoined my command. After a hard-fought battle, we defeated the enemy and drove them back to Springfield. At daylight, next morning, I was ordered by Gen. McCulloch to take four companies and reconnoiter Springfield and see what the enemy was doing. I approached the town very delicately, thinking the enemy was there in force and might surprise me. When I got in sight of the town I met a man coming out of it, with a gun on his shoulder and a big loaf of bread in his hand, which he was gnawing away on. I asked him who the d——l he was and what he was doing there. He said: "Why, I am one of you-uns, and belong to Gen. Price's company. I was on picket duty last night, and as I got mighty hungry, I concluded I would drop into town and see what them federals was up to, and get something to eat." He told me that Gen. Lyons had been killed, and his troops had vacated the city on a forced march for Sedalia. I sent a courier with this information to Gen. McCulloch, and proceeded into the city. Arriving at the court-house, which they had converted into a hospital for their wounded, the senior surgeon came out and met me. He told me that the wounded—some three or four hundred in number, nearly all of whom were foreigners—were terribly excited, having heard that the Texans had entered the town and would murder the last one of them. I went with him into the court-house, among the wounded, and told them in a loud voice that I was in command of the Texans; that there was not one of them but would rather do them a kindness than an injury; that we did not maltreat or murder wounded men.

All the surgeons stated they wished to bury Gen. Lyons, whose body I saw. They asked permission to wear their uniforms, and bury him with military honors. I told them certainly, to do so, and they should not be interrupted; and, as I respected Gen. Lyons as a brave soldier, if they did not have enough men to fire a salute over his grave, I would detail a squad for that purpose. They declined, respectfully, stating they had enough men for that duty. I ordered Major Chilton to take our regimental flag to the top of the court-house, haul down the United States flag, and run up the Lone Star in its place. All of which was done. By this time a detachment of Gen. Price's troops came into the city. As they were Missourians, and the city being in their State, I turned over everything to them that the federals had left, including large stores of provisions and quartermasters' supplies. Nothing eventful taking place until winter, we were ordered into winter quarters, six miles below Van Buren, in Arkansas, at Fork Bayou. The Pin Indians, under Pothalahola, who had decided to join the federals, were raising Cain up in the Indian Nation. Col. McIntosh was ordered to take a battalion from three regiments, and go up there and suppress them. We went up there with some one thousand men, composed of the Third Texas, and Griffith's and Young's regiments. We got in the neighborhood of the hostiles, and waited a day for Col. Cooper, the Indian agent, to whom Col. McIntosh was ordered to report and co-operate with. An Indian came into our camp, late in the evening, from Cooper's camp, fifty miles distant, and reported that Cooper and all the Indians were drunk, and would not be there until the day after next. As Cooper had failed to meet McIntosh, according to appointment, McIntosh, glad of the opportunity to win some laurels without him, ordered us to be

in readiness next morning to meet the enemy, who were some ten miles distant, fortified on the top of a high hill. We started, in the morning, across a prairie, and the cold was so intense I was fearful the men would be unable to cap their guns, being so benumbed with cold, if we got into action. We got in the valleys of the mountains, which relieved us from the cold winds. I sent a gallant old soldier, Capt. D. M. Short, in advance of the command, with a company, to prevent surprises or ambuscades. Short drove a reconnoitering party of the enemy back five or six miles through the mountains, and reported back that the enemy was posted on a high hill, in front of him, in force. When we got to the foot of the hill, McIntosh, who was riding along beside me, observed: "Colonel, we will carry it by storm. Form your men at the foot of the hill to charge it on horseback. I will have you supported on the right by Griffith's battery, and on your left by Young's. If you fail to carry it the first charge, I will order them to your assistance!" I told the colonel that he need not be particular about the assistance *part of it*, for, if I did not carry it the first charge, that we would be down the hill before the *gentlemen* he had named could render us any *aid or assistance*. After he had made his arrangements, he rode up to my command, and said: "Colonel, when you are all ready, charge!" I gave the order: "Dismount! Tighten girths!" The Indians on the hill raised a yell, thinking we were going to attack them on foot, and they, behind the rocks and trees on the eminence, could "have cleaned us all up" before we could have reached them. I gave the order to "Mount!" and told the men that when Charlie Watts blew the bugle, and I gave the order to "Charge!" that the sooner they got on the top of that hill, the fewer empty saddles there would be. I then called out:

"Attention! Are you all ready for a charge?" The response: "All ready!" I said: "Blow your bugle, Charlie! Charge!" The hill was very steep, nearly impracticable for cavalry, so our charge on horseback took the Indians by surprise. We went up the hill like "shot out of a shovel," and in a moment was amongst them, before they had time to reload their guns. The order of the day then was, six-shooters and double-barreled guns, and the Indians running in all directions. Col. Griffith, without waiting for orders from McIntosh, promptly attacked the enemy on my right, while Col. McIntosh, with Col. Young, swept around on the left. In five minutes the battle was over, the Indians in full retreat, and the whole force pursuing them. They set fire to the woods, for the smoke to cover their retreat, and, actually, some of our men were stopped to pull wounded Indians out of the flames. We pursued them some fifteen miles, and returned to camp by nightfall. We took nearly three hundred women and children prisoners, some forty negro slaves, and any amount of cattle, horses, mules and sheep, besides a large amount of property they had been robbing the friendly Indians of for the last six months. We killed, I suppose, five or six hundred. There must have been fully that number, from the fact that I noticed, next day, every man I met had a handfull of silver trinkets they had taken off of some dead Indian. Our loss was much more severe than the other battalions, from the fact that we had the post of honor, and had to bear the brunt of the battle. Although fully complimented by Col. McIntosh ordering me to lead the charge, I would have freely forgiven him if he had dropped the mantle on some other colonel's shoulders; for, when I looked up on that hill, crowned with Indians, I felt as if I was being ordered to a sudden and speedy death, and no

benefit of clergy in the case. Among our killed and wounded was Lieut. Durham, of Henderson, Texas, a gallant officer and a brave man, who died a few days after being wounded. Major G. W. Chilton, while leading his men up the hill, ordered them to dismount, as it became inaccessible for cavalry. He was shot on the top of the head and fell senseless. His men dislodged the Indians. Merrit Harwell told me, a few minutes afterwards, that poor Chilton was killed—he had seen his brains knocked out. While he was speaking to me Chilton crawled up the hill and emphatically gave the lie to the statement. It appears that Harwell saw him shot down, the ball hitting him on the top of the head, laying the skull bare, which, as it looked white, he thought it was his brains. Harry Bell, of Marshall, concluded he would kill an Indian, but, as he was pulling down on the buck, the latter got the drop on Harry, and put a ball through his breast. J. Canella was also badly wounded at the same time. Harry's comrades put him, Canella and several other wounded men under cover in a ravine until the fight was over. We lost, I think, about thirty killed and wounded, whose names I do not recollect. We rested a day on the battle field, and then started *en route* for our winter quarters. After getting some eight miles from the eminence that overlooked the plains below us we saw an army, with banners, approaching. There were about three thousand Indians, all with different flags and covered with war-paint. McIntosh, who was riding with me, not knowing whether they were friendly or hostile, ordered the command to form in line of battle. You ought to have seen them a "shucking" of saddles, for nearly every man had captured and was riding an Indian pony, and was leading his war-horse. Presently an Indian rode up and in-

formed us it was Col. Cooper and his friendly Indians approaching us. Cooper came up to McIntosh, very much incensed at his not waiting for him and his force, according to agreement. McIntosh defended himself by saying he had waited for him, at the rendezvous, two days over the appointed time; and, that as he was short of provisions, he had either to attack the enemy or fall back to Fort Scott for supplies.

In a few days I got permission from McIntosh to visit my home in Marshall, Texas, on a thirty days' leave. At the expiration of that time I rejoined my regiment, which was encamped near Fayetteville, Ark. Gen. Van Dorn had been sent on this side to take command. He organized the forces—the Missourians, under Gen. Price, and the Texans and Arkansians, under Gens. McCulloch and McIntosh—to attack Gen. Curtis, who had a strong federal force at Elk Horn. The Third Texas and all our cavalry fell under the command of my old commander, McIntosh. He, as usual, put our regiment in the front when near the enemy. We made a night march and came up with Gen. Siegel's retreating force, near Bentonville. Gen. McIntosh made a detour from the main road our army was marching on, to cut Siegel off, some ten miles distant.

We arrived near the junction of the two roads when a company of cavalry rode down to us, and hallooed: "Who are you? What are you doing here?" and opened fire on us. I asked McIntosh if I must charge them. He said "Yes!" I ordered First company (Capt. Cumby's) "Forward! Front into line! Charge!" We broke the enemy, killing several of them, and ran them to the foot of an ascent. Immediately some two hundred infantry arose from the brow of the hill and opened fire upon us. We fell back to our main body, when McIntosh ordered me to

take four companies and charge the hill. I did so. We had got nearly to the brow of the hill, when about a thousand infantry rose up, and simultaneously the brush was pulled away from a masked battery of six pieces of artillery, which met my astonished gaze at sixty yards distance. They opened on us with musketry and artillery. I hallooed to my men: "Fall back, or you will all be murdered!" They didn't wait for a repetition of the order, but went at once, and, as Shakespeare puts it, "Stood not on the order of their going." We lost ten men, killed in the skirmish, Siegel retreating. We fell in with our main army, closely pursuing him. We encamped that night about twelve miles from Elk Horn. We rousted up at 12 o'clock to march on that place, where we arrived next morning. The men were foot-sore, tired and hungry. When we got on the battle ground our scouts reported to McIntosh that the enemy was drawn up on the other side of a skirt of timber, about one quarter of a mile from us. The Third Texas was halted some two hundred yards from where McIntosh was at the head of his command of four regiments. They were drawn up by fours. Col. Greer sent me down to McIntosh for orders. As I reached him the enemy ran out a battery of artillery from the timber, and a force of infantry and cavalry, and opened fire on us some three hundred yards distant. Gen. McIntosh called to me: "Col. Lane, take command of this cavalry and charge that battery!" I got in front, and called out: "By fours, as you are. Forward! Charge!" We went at headlong speed, and were amongst them in a minute, killing and capturing infantry, cavalry and artillery. The fight did not last as long as it takes to write it down. Gen. McIntosh sent me an order, by an aid, to form and dismount the four regiments in the wood, and to await his order. He and Gen.

McCulloch were going to engage the enemy above us, and wanted us as a reserve corps. I gave the order: "Dismount! Tie your horses in the rear, and form line of battle!" There being four colonels, and I only a lieutenant-colonel, they demurred a little at my taking command; but Major Mulnaux, McIntosh's aid, told them it was the general's order that I should take command, when they cheerfully obeyed. We remained in battle line about two hours, the fight raging above us half a mile distant, and we expecting every minute to be ordered into action, when McIntosh's aid rode up to me, took me to one side, mysteriously, and told me, confidentially, that both Gens. McCulloch and McIntosh were killed, and their troops were repulsed and falling back. I ordered the command to mount and fall back half a mile, where our army went into camp that night. At a council of war it was decided that we should march around in the night and join Gens. Price and Van Dorn. who were fighting on the opposite side of the ridge from us. We got there in the morning and reported to Gen. Van Dorn for duty. The fight was raging furiously when we arrived on the ground. Seeing a cluster of officers at a distance, I rode up to them to get the news, when I met my old friend, Gen. Price, and his staff. The general kindly asked me if I would take a toddy, and unslung his canteen. I acquiesced with great alacrity, being very dry and very thirsty, and expecting to get a straight drink. You can imagine my disgust when I found it half sugar and water. Gen. Price told me the Texas cavalry would soon be called into action. I returned to the head of my regiment, and told the men to dismount and pitch in when the order came. After waiting half an hour, Col. Greer, who was commanding our brigade, came up from Van Dorn and told me he had given orders for our forces to retreat.

I never was so astonished in my life, as here we were, three thousand men just arrived, fresh and willing to fight, whose arrival he had been informed of. Our infantry, in retreating, filed by us. I concluded that if it was a rout, that the enemy would soon be after us; that "d——l take the hindmost," I would move my regiment in the wood alongside the infantry. Just as I was about to move an aid of Gen. Van Dorn's galloped up to me and said: "Gen. Van Dorn presents his compliments to you, and requests you to form your regiment across the road, and hold your position at all hazards until our retreating forces pass through." I did so. Among the last to pass was Col. Emmett McDonald's battery, as gallant a soldier as ever lived or died in any cause. I told the colonel I was ordered to hold my position at all hazards to protect our retreating troops, and if he would put his battery in position and assist me, I would, if the enemy attacked us, make a charge, under which he could remove his guns. He replied: "Certainly, colonel, I will stay by you with pleasure," and put his battery into position. We remained there half an hour, in sight of the enemy, who showed no disposition to attack us; waited until the last "mother's son" of our troops passed by us, and then moved off, bringing up the rear. I left a rear guard of a company half a mile from us. We went about eight miles, when I heard a terrible firing in the rear from this company. I formed the regiment across the road, McDonald putting his battery in position, and waited breathlessly to see my safeguard come tearing in with the enemy at their heels, when one of them rode up. I asked: "Is the enemy coming?" He said: "No, colonel, its just the boys shooting chickens out of the trees at that farm house." We got into camp after dark, tired, weary, hungry, and with nothing to eat. At 10

o'clock an officer came to me, and said: "Col. Lane, Gen. Van Dorn requests you to put a picket half a mile in the rear, as he finds there is none between him and the enemy." I had great difficulty in getting twenty-five men for that duty, as they were all asleep and completely broken down. All the troops fell back to winter quarters. Although the weather had been very cold, the last few days had been particularly warm for us.

I will mention here that the bodies of Gens. McCulloch and McIntosh were taken off the field. Major John Henry Brown, one of McCulloch's staff, took his remains to Texas for interment. Gen. McIntosh was sent to Little Rock.

I was truly grieved at the death of Gen. McCulloch, as we had been friends and comrades in three wars. I became acquainted with him first at San Jacinto, afterwards in Mexico, where, being in command of Taylor's scouts, on the eve of the battle of Buena Vista, he made a hazardous reconnoisance of Santa Anna's force, which he reported the next day to Gen. Taylor. Gen. Taylor esteemed McCulloch very highly. I have often seen the two sitting by the camp fire, late at night, talking to each other for hours. If Gen. McCulloch had not been killed so early in the fight at Elk Horn we would have whipped that battle, for his men had the utmost confidence in his leadership. A gloom was thrown over them at the news of his death, and he and Gen. McIntosh being killed nearly at the same time, and, both being experienced, dashing officers, under whom the troops had fought in various battles, and, having no prominent leader, in whom they had confidence, we fell back from the field of battle and awaited orders from Gen. Van Dorn, on the opposite side of the mountain. Major J. N. Coleman volunteered to bear dispatches around to

Van Dorn, some six miles distant. It was a hazardous duty, but he succeeded in going around the enemy's pickets, and communicated with him, who verbally ordered us, through him, to march around and join him next morning. It was a daring act of the major's, and appreciated by the whole command.

We soon had orders to march to Du Val's bluff, cross the Mississippi river and re-inforce Gen. Beauregard at Corinth, Miss. When the brigade—four regiments—got to the bluff, the men, finding they were to be dismounted and their horses sent home, strongly objected to go. They finally decided to do as the Third Texas *would* do. I got the regiment in line, and made them a speech, showing the necessity for Beauregard to have infantry and not cavalry, and they consented to go. The other regiments, following their example, we sent our horses back home and took passage on boats and arrived at Memphis. In a few days we proceeded to Corinth, Miss., under command of Gen. Hogg, who had been appointed to command our brigade, as gallant and genial a gentleman as I have ever met in my life. At nightfall our train got in the vicinity of Corinth, where we were switched off on a side-track. After remaining there several hours, we started again. When we got within six miles of Corinth we were suddenly backed four miles and side-tracked again. We could distinctly hear the firing of artillery at Corinth. As I was in the front car, and could get no information from the conductor and engineer—who were northern men—as to the cause of our detention, they merely observing they were waiting for orders, I became uneasy, and went back to Gen. Hogg's car and told him I was afraid the conductor had switched us off there so we would not be able to participate in the fight. The general, who was all fire as to tow, told me to

go forward and put a guard over the conductor and engineer, and order them to take us immediately to Corinth, and, if they refused, to shoot them. I ordered Capt. Winston to get out, with ten men, and load their guns—the engineer and conductor standing close by. I ordered him to arrest them, put them aboard, and to start at once for Corinth. The conductor tried to explain the cause of delay, but I would not listen to him, but told him to get aboard and start. Which he did. We got within three miles of Corinth—it was 12 o'clock at night, and raining—when we met a train. Out jumped a little major, covered with gold lace, and abused the conductor for not stopping six miles back, until his train passed. The conductor explained that I had placed him under arrest and commanded him to take the train into Corinth. The major held up his hands, and said: "Good God, you don't know what you are doing! You do not know who I am!" I told him, "No, I didn't," when he said: "Why, I am the bearer of dispatches from Gen. Beauregard to Richmond, and this is his express train that you have stopped!" I told him my men had been on board since daylight, and were tired and hungry, and, as he had only three miles to back his train, I was going to camp. He protested vehemently, threatening me with dire vengeance from Gen. Beauregard. I told him to get aboard his train and have it backed double-quick, or I would have him arrested.

We encamped that night close to Corinth, in the rain and with no wood to make fires. The next day, Gen. Hogg sent for me, and showed me a note from Gen. Beauregard ordering him to appear immediately at his headquarters, and show cause, if any he had, why he stopped his dispatch train the night before and sent it back to Corinth. The general was a good deal alarmed, and told me, as I had got

him into trouble, I must help get him out. I told him I would go with him, and there would be no difficulty about the matter. We dressed and waited on Gen. Beauregard. As we went into the office we met the little express major, who, recognizing me, gave me a malicious grin, as much as to say: "I've got you."

The general received us very stiffly, and wished to know why we stopped his express train, with important dispatches. I explained to him that if we had erred, it was from our zeal in the cause; that, hearing heavy artillery firing in the night, and our conductor delaying our train for four hours, and, knowing he was a northern man, and thinking he wanted to keep Gen. Hogg's brigade out of the fight, we determined to get in and participate in the battle. Gen. Beauregard kindly received our apology, warmly shook hands with us, and complimented us for our zeal. The little major, who was standing by, was thoroughly disgusted at our getting off so easily, as he was fully confident we would be both court-martialed. As I passed him, going out, I winked at him, observing, *sotto voce:* "How is that for cheek?" He replied, drily: "I think you've got it." Gen. Hogg was not only delighted at getting off so well, but also with the courtesy Gen. Beauregard showed him.

Shortly afterwards, the year's services of the officers having expired, we had a re-election of officers. I was strongly solicited to accept the command, which I declined, as I wished to return to Texas and raise a cavalry regiment, liking that arm of the service best. Capt. R. H. Cumby was elected colonel; Capt. H. P. Mabry (sick and absent) lieutenant-colonel, and Capt. Barker, major.

We had barely got through the election when the order came: "Fall into line and march to Farmington, as the enemy is advancing on that place!" The regiment being

formed, I told Col. Cumby to get to the head of the regiment and lead them. He flatly refused to do so, stating he did not know a thing about handling a regiment, and wished me to retain the command, which I did at the earnest request of the men. Our troops met the enemy at Farmington, and, after a short and sanguinary battle, drove them back across the swamps to their earthworks. In a short time, the enemy slowly advancing upon us, under cover of earthworks, and, there being nearly a fourth of Beauregard's army sick with dysentery, he concluded to evacuate Corinth, sending all his sick, stores and wagons down to Baldwin. The order was given to cook four days' rations, and put the same in our haversacks. He marched his army out close to the enemy, ordered his troops to lie down, and commenced an artillery fire upon the enemy for the purpose of drawing them from behind the earthworks and to bring on a general engagement. I was ordered, about sunrise, to relieve an Arkansas regiment, on picket, near the enemy's lines. Various details having been made from our regiment, I had but two hundred and forty-six men under my command. We passed the reserve of the regiment we were going to relieve, whose colonel informed me he had a picket some three hundred yards in advance. Immediately on leaving him we had to pass through an *abatis*, the trees being cut on both sides, leaving only a wagon road to march through. We had gone nearly through, marching by fours up an ascent, when here came the Arkansas pickets rushing by us, the enemy in close pursuit. They opened fire on us from the eminence, fifty yards distant. I ordered the regiment: "Double quick! Front into line! Charge!" Which they gallantly did. We drove the enemy back to their earthworks, recovering some four hundred yards of picket ground the Arkansians

had lost the day before. Not knowing the enemy's force, and fearing to be surrounded as we were driving back the front, I sent scouts on each side, so they could not cut off our retreat. Newton Smith, who I sent on that duty to the left in the woods, ran up on a regiment lying down before he saw them. They drew down on him and ordered him to halt or they would kill him. Newton wheeled and fled with the swiftness of a buck. They fired into him, shooting one arm off. He succeeded in reaching me and giving the information. I diverged part of my force and attacked them, driving them and two other regiments back about four hundred yards to their earthworks. Our main army, about four hundred yards off, hearing the firing—which lasted about a quarter of an hour—cursed me loud and deep for not falling back and letting the enemy come. Gen. Van Dorn's aid rode up to me in the thick of the fight, and said: "The general wants to know why in the h—l you don't fall back and let them come, as he is under a heavy embankment and ready for them." I explained that I couldn't do so, as I would have to retreat through the abatis, and the enemy, who would be pursuing me, could, from the eminence, kill half of us before we got through. I held the ground I had regained, and put out pickets two hundred yards from the enemy's earthworks. Our surgeon, Dr. Eugene Blocker, got my permission, before the fight, to have ten men detailed as an infirmary corps, with stretchers to carry off the dead and wounded from the field of battle. Having a good many killed and wounded, and, seeing the men from the ranks carrying off the wounded in blankets, I naturally looked around for the infirmary corps, but could neither find one of them nor a stretcher. I soon saw Dr. Blocker and R. R. Wright, in the thick of the fight, carrying out poor Sergeant Caldwell,

who was mortally wounded. I asked the doctor where his infirmary corps was. He replied that he could not find one of them, and went in himself to bring out the wounded. I cursed his infernal corps, as I called them, and told him on the next day to disband them and send them back to their companies. The doctor told me, the other day, that one of the corps—a big, six-foot man--got on his belly in a tree-top in the rear, and that the enemy overshooting us, and the balls coming all around him, he arose, and he had not seen him from that day to this.

Major Barker, of our regiment, as gallant a soldier as ever drew a sword, was killed in the charge.

On visiting the pickets, late in the evening, I found my friend, Tom Hogg, *late captain*, with a squad of four men firing through the timber at the enemy's pickets, some hundred yards distant. Tom told me he would climb a tree that overlooked them and get a fair shot at them. He fired several times from the tree, when the enemy, seeing the smoke from his gun, drew down simultaneously and fired a volley into the tree. The balls whistled around Tom's head, and, some bark striking him in the face, he thought he was shot through the head. He let all holds go and struck the ground, but, luckily, with no serious injury.

I was informed at nightfall, by an aid, that our army would evacuate Corinth at 9 o'clock, and that I was to hold my position until 12 o'clock, and then withdraw my pickets noiselessly from in front of the enemy; and, as a mark of distinction, my regiment and a Missouri regiment, and a battery, all under the command of Gen. Maury, would bring up the extreme rear. I was informed that this distinguished position was given to our regiment on account of the gallant fight we had made that day. I and the regi-

ment would have willingly foregone the honor of bringing up the retreat, as we were all tired, sleepy and hungry, having been on duty twenty-four hours, and were worn out.

We fell back to Baldwin. On the march I passed, one evening, the tent of my old friend, Gen. Price, who came out and halted the regiment, and warmly complimented them and myself on the gallant fight we had made at Corinth. He told me that "General Orders" were read that morning at the head of every regiment in Gen. Beauregard's army that Lieut.-Col. Lane, with two hundred and forty-six men of the Third Texas regiment, had engaged and driven back three regiments of the enemy to their earthworks, and held the ground until 12 o'clock at night, when they were then ordered to withdraw. A general order, read at the head of each regiment of an army, is the highest compliment that can be paid to an officer or regiment for any act of gallantry. We retreated to Baldwin, where the army went into camp.

Having received an order from the War Department at Richmond to go back to Texas and raise a cavalry regiment, I was about to do so, and bid adieu to my old companions. They had kept me in command of them after the re-election, for nearly a month; when, in fact, I was neither an officer nor private, nor belonged to the regiment at all. The morning of my departure I drew the regiment into line to make a few valedictory remarks to them. I told them that since we had been together in the past year we had made some reputation as a fighting regiment, and for God's sake to hold it (which they did); that at times, no doubt, they might have thought me too strict and overbearing in the discipline of the regiment. Just then E. B. (Dick) Gregg, of my town, who, thinking I was going to apologize to the regiment for my arbitrary conduct, stepped out of ranks

to hear what I had to say, as a bush obstructed his view of me. I hallooed to him: "Get back into line, sir; what in the h—l are you breaking ranks for?" Dick subsided immediately, and, hearing my further remarks, to the effect that they had been the hardest regiment to control I had ever seen, and that, if I had done my duty as an officer, I would have carried out orders much more strictly than I had done, Dick retired in disgust, observing that I had not apologized worth a cent. I told Dick afterwards that had it been necessary to apologize to the regiment, it would have been more so to the ten preachers that belonged to it, who, while we were at Warsaw, Mo., where we were in close proximity to Tremont's army, saw proper to hold a camp-meeting every night in the regiment. The men complained that they were kept awake until 2 o'clock with the singing and praying. At parade, one morning, I told them I wanted this nuisance stopped; that our chaplain (the Rev. Dr. A. E. Clemmons) had charge of our spiritual welfare, and I thought him fully competent for the duty; and as they (the preachers) appeared anxious to go to heaven immediately, I would form them into a *forlorn hope*, and let them lead a charge on Tremont's army, where there would be a strong probability of their being translated in double-quick; but that, from my present standpoint, in a fight I would not give Jack Phillips, of Marion county, who feared neither man nor devil, for the whole boiling lot of 'em. I afterwards changed my mind as to the fighting propensities of one of them, (J. Canella) at least, who, when we were going up to Chustenahlah to attack Hopatheohola, I found him going back to camp, and accused him of cowardice. He informed me that his horse was lame and not fit for the trip, but, if I thought him a coward, and would get down off my horse and pull

off my colonel's coat, he would convince me in *two* minutes to the contrary. I respectfully declined his polite invitation—taking his word for it. I succeeded in getting him a horse from a sick man, with whom he exchanged. In the subsequent fight at Chustenahlah he came near being *translated*, as he was badly wounded in the charge.

I came over on this side of the river, raised a regiment of cavalry, with headquarters at Jefferson, Texas, and reported, through Capt. Burnham, to Gen. Holmes, commanding Trans-Mississippi division, at Little Rock, Ark., for orders, stating to him at the same time that we were without arms, and wished to know if he could furnish same. He answered, in a very kind letter, saying: "Colonel, I have got no arms; but a man like you, who has raised a full regiment in a month, can arm it. I send you *carte blanche* orders to seize, press, or buy arms wherever you can find them." I sent details of ten men from each company to the respective counties where the companies were formed to procure arms. They were very successful, and I got the regiment tolerably well armed with shot-guns and rifles. This answered until I took Thibodeauxville, on the La Fouche, where I got a full supply of Enfield rifles from the enemy, when I then and there discarded the shot-guns, and we proceeded *en route* to Van Buren, Ark. Being taken sick with fever and a rising in my head, I was left at a farm house in the Indian Nation for three weeks, my friends, Lieut. Wm. Dillard and Dr. Henry Jones, attending and sticking to me like brothers. Lieut.-Col. Phil Crump, a gallant soldier and genial gentleman, took command of the regiment, and reported to Gen. Hindman, at Van Buren, for duty. I got worse, instead of better, and the orifice of the ear, not being large enough for the discharge of matter, Dr. Jones had to cut in below the ear to

give it another outlet; so, being unfit for duty, I returned to Marshall, Texas.

In some two month's time, my regiment was ordered to report to Gen. Dick Taylor, at Natchitoches, La., on which place the enemy were advancing. We drove them back, after repeated skirmishes, across the Atchafalaya. In a short time Col. Majors was ordered to take three regiments and make a raid by Donaldsonville to Thibodeauxville, where the enemy were in force. Simultaneously Gens. Mouton and Green were to cross Berwick's Bay, in boats, and attack the strong force posted there. We succeeded in our mission, capturing Thibodeauxville and moving down towards Berwick's Bay to join the forces of Mouton and Green. We got to the Beouf, a large stream, and found the bridge torn up and a heavy force of artillery and infantry on the opposite bank, strongly fortified. It being some forty miles to Berwick's Bay, and hearing nothing of Mouton and Green, who were fully expected after they captured that place, to meet us on the Beouf, we were in a dilemma. We could not go back, as we expected every hour troops from New Orleans in pursuit of us, while in front of us there was a wide river to cross, and a strongly fortified fort facing us. We worked all night hauling sugar coolers from the neighboring plantations to construct a bridge. The coolers were ten feet long and two and a half feet wide, and, being tied end to end, made a very good crossing. Col. Majors ordered me to take three regiments, cross the Beouf, and attack the fort, while he would remain on that side and open on them with artillery. Having crossed, I drew up my men within two hundred yards of the fort, and was just about to give the order to *charge*, when the enemy ran up a white flag, very much to my satisfaction. I sent a company and an officer down to re-

ceive their surrender. As soon as I saw the stars and stripes hauled down and the Confederate flag ran up in its place, we recrossed to our horses. Mouton and Green, having captured Berwick's Bay, soon joined us, and we all returned to Thibodeauxville.

I was ordered to go over to the Mississippi river with my regiment and four pieces of artillery, and open fire on every boat of the enemy's that passed up or down. Seeing a large boat coming up the river, I got my men and artillery in position, and opened on her. She was the Essex, the largest gunboat on the river. She threw open her ports and returned our fire with hundred and forty pound shells. I was on the levee, encouraging my men to fire into the port holes—the only vulnerable part of her we could attack, she being iron-plated—when a hundred and forty pound shell struck the bank below me and exploded, turning over the planks I was lying on, and piling about eight wagon-loads of earth on me. I thought I was murdered, and wouldn't believe to the contrary until my men pulled me out from under the earth, when I found that all the injury I had sustained was a cut on the head from a piece of plank.

We were ordered up, soon after, to attack the fort at Donaldsonville, under command of Gen. Tom Green. We made a night attack, but the fort being strongly reinforced by gunboats, we were driven back. We camped six miles below on the bayou.

A few days afterwards the enemy marched down to attack us. Green was on one side of the bayou and my command on the other. As the enemy came in view Gen. Green called to me across the bayou to form my command and attack them simultaneously with him. After a lively fight, which lasted about an hour, we succeeded in driving

the enemy back to Donaldsonville, under cover of their gunboats. In that fight we lost our gallant major, A. D. Burns, who fell mortally wounded in a charge across a field. The enemy, being strongly reinforced, we were forced to retreat and recross Berwick's Bay.

Some months later our whole Texas force was ordered to report to Gen. E. K. Smith, at Mansfield, who was massing troops to confronc Gen. Banks, then advancing up Red river with an overwhelming force. I was ordered with my brigade to proceed down the road towards Natchitoches and relieve Col. Bagby, who was on picket. Passing his headquarters, he informed me that he had a company some ten miles in advance, but that he had heard no news of the enemy advancing. I had gotten down some eight miles from Bagby's headquarters, at Wilson's farm, when I met a courier, who informed me that the enemy was advancing in force, and close to us. "You can hear their firing now." I formed my men on an eminence in the rear of a field, ordered them to dismount, tie their horses back, and take position behind the fence. I told Col. Madison to take two hundred men, pass through the field, give them a volley, and then fall back in apparent confusion, as they would follow him and fall into our ambuscade. Madison, with more zeal than discretion, pitched into a regular fight with them and held them in check for half an hour, I waiting, in the meantime, impatiently for Madison to come tearing through my lines with the enemy close to his heels. When he did come, the enemy followed to within a hundred yards of the fence, when they halted. We opened fire upon them, when they immediately fell back to the woods. Not wishing to attack us in front across the field, they sent out strong detachments on the right and left to surround us. That necessitated me extending my front.

Gen. Green, about six miles in my rear, with a large force, wondered why I didn't fall back, as he was prepared to receive them. The enemy opened with artillery in our front, but, as the range was short, did but little damage except to the tree tops above us. My line was now extended a mile in length. I had to gallop from one end to the other to extend the line to prevent the enemy from getting in our rear. My inspector, Major W. D. Powell, was a great assistance in helping me extend the lines; and, in fact, during the whole day's fight, never left my side. In the evening I was bound to fall back, as some of my regiments reported that they were nearly out of ammunition. I posted a mounted force under the brow of the hill, in the road, and ordered the regiments to fall back, mount and retreat. The enemy, seeing we had ceased firing, made a charge on us, yelling and whooping, thinking we were running. As they came over the brow of the eminence, where I had three companies stationed, we gave them a fire in the face at thirty yards, which emptied a good many saddles and sent them back quicker than they came. We fell back leisurely to Green's command without any pursuit. This ended the fight at Wilson's farm, in which I lost some one hundred and fifty men, killed and wounded, among whom was my old friend and townsman, Capt. Stephen Webb, who, while fighting gallantly at the head of his company, was shot centrally through the body; and, contrary to all the prognostications of the surgeons, recovered, mainly owing to the careful nursing of a *beautiful young lady*, whom he afterwards married.

Next morning all the troops fell back to Mansfield, where my brigade participated in that battle. I was ordered to charge across a field and dislodge the enemy on the opposite side, who were posted behind a high fence,

barricaded with logs. We failed to carry the fence at the first charge, after getting within twenty yards of it. Just then Gen. Mouton made a flank charge, which assisted us in carrying the position. We routed the enemy and drove them back in confusion. They were then reinforced by fresh troops, whom we engaged, when I was badly wounded and carried off the field. I must acknowledge to being a good deal demoralized during this *scrimmage*, for, not only being shot through the thigh, I had six ball holes through my coat, two of which drew blood. After the battle I was sent home to Marshall with my old companion, John Neff, my regimental flag bearer, who was also badly wounded. My neice wished to preserve the coat as a souvenir of the many narrow escapes I had made in that day's engagement, but I was in the same situation as my countryman, whom a Jew pulled into a store to sell him a trunk. The Irishman asked him: "What the d——l do I want a trunk for?" The Jew replied: "To put your clothes in." Pat ejaculated in astonishment: "H'm, and go naked?" As they were all the clothes he had. So, necessity compelled me to have the suit patched, and many a day's good wear did I get out of it afterwards.

After recovering from my wound I rejoined my command and served until the end of the war, being discharged near Houston, Texas. The battle of Mansfield (La.) was the last battle of any importance that I was engaged in.

I will here mention an episode that occurred two days after the battle of Mansfield: As I was coming to Marshall in an ambulance with John Neff, both of us badly wounded, we met two superannuated old gentlemen, with vengeance in their eyes and old double-barreled shot-guns in their hands, going down to participate in the battle. When I got near

them they proved to be my brother, Judge Lane, and Col. Ward, both of Marshall. I told them the battle was over and the enemy in full retreat, and that as one of them was a lawyer, and the other a railroad director, I thought they were better muscled for something else than fighting, and not to go down there and eat up what little the men had, as they were short of rations. But go they would, and go they did. On reaching the army they crowned themselves with glory. Col. Ward, in taking an armful of corn for his horse out of a field without permission, came near being shot; and Judge Lane, who volunteered to be put on the extreme picket next to the enemy, the orders being that no gun was to be fired, as it would cause an alarm, getting tired of the monotonous duty, and, forgetting the orders, fired at a squirrel he saw run up a tree. He missed the squirrel, but brought out the whole regiment, who thought the enemy was upon them. The men, finding out who gave the false alarm, raised a laugh and returned to camp, knowing the judge knew but little of military matters. They were both received very kindly by their county company, who were delighted at having the two old warriors with them. They enjoyed themselves hugely for about two weeks, when, seeing no prospect of murdering any of the enemy, they returned quietly home. They reported, on their return, that a soldier's life was the jolliest thing they had ever experienced; that their rations were cooked, their horses were fed, no guard duty to perform, with nothing to do but lay about camp and make the time pass pleasantly for their fellow soldiers. Showing, evidently, that they had been treated only as honored guests.

Another time I nearly came to grief while going from Marshall to San Augustine. Passing through Panola county, which was very sparsely settled, I was told one

evening I could stay all night at the next house, some ten miles further on. Near dusk, I took the wrong road, and proceeded on four or five miles, through a dense wood, in the dark. Knowing I was lost, I was debating with myself whether I would stop and camp, when I heard a panther yell pretty close to me. That settled the camping question. After proceeding about a mile, I came to a house. The owners, a man and his wife, kindly took me in and gave me supper. Being very tired, I soon went to bed, in the same room with them, behind a screen. I slept (as I thought) like a top, till I was awakened in the morning by the woman's putting breakfast on the table. I arose, hastily, and made for the basin to wash. Having to pass behind the woman, who was cooking, she gave a little scream, and jumped out of my way. I thought that was queer, but said nothing. At breakfast I saw something was wrong. The least word I said they would look at each other and then look at me. It dawned on me, all at once, that my old enemy—somnambulism—must have had me in his clutches the night before. I asked them if I had disturbed them during the night. He said: "I should think you did, sir. Yelling and whooping like a wild Indian; upsetting the table and throwing the chairs, and raising Cain generally. You scared my wife until she was nearly bereft of her wits." He told me that he stood for two hours, with an ax uplifted, ready to strike me. That three times I came nearly close enough, but he, wanting to make a sure blow, waited for me to get one step nearer; but about 12 o'clock I went to bed, and, from my breathing, was confident I had gone to sleep. But, being so certain that I was crazy, and fearing I might get up any moment and murder them both, he stood guard with the ax by his wife's bedside until morning, not having slept one wink. I was both scared and dis-

gusted at his recital of my performance. I asked him how it was that he, a big, powerful six-foot man, and I, a small and delicate one, that he did not seize me, throw me down and tie me? He said: "Stranger, how did I know but that you had a cocked pistol in each hand, ready to blow my brains out if I laid hands upon you?" I offered my apology and expressed my sorrow at the trouble I had given them. His wife, who had been listening to the recital, (and being in a delicate situation) became deadly sick, and asked her husband to assist her to the bed, as she had to lie down. On my departure I proffered to pay them for my night's lodging, which they both declined receiving. As I mounted my horse, the husband observed to me: "Stranger, I want you to do me a favor." I said: "With pleasure." He said: "If you ever happen to travel through this country again, please don't make it convenient to stay all night with me, for there is not a wild "varmint" in the woods but I would rather sleep in the same room with than you." We were mutually disgusted with each other; me for his trying to murder me, and he for my nearly frightening the life out of himself and wife. I did not call on him again.

PERSONAL.

I may appear egotistical, but, whether so or not, I wish to reproduce in this what Texas historians have written in regard to my services. Whether they have either overrated or lied about them, the blame should fall upon their heads, and not mine. I am not writing a history of any of the three wars I have been engaged in, only my personal recollections of some of the events through which I passed.

GENERAL WALTER P. LANE.

BY VICTOR M. ROSE.

The subject of this sketch was born in County Cork, Ireland, in the year 1817. His parents, William and Oliva, despairing of success in the Old World, determined to emigrate; and, with their family, landed in Baltimore in 1821. They subsequently located in Fairview, Guernsey County, Ohio, where they continued to reside until their family of nine children had attained the age of maturity.

Of Walter P. Lane we know but little prior to the battle of San Jacinto. Upon this glorious theatre he appeared, a friendless youth, daring the chances of battle with a reckless, devil-may-care gallantry, that made him the cynosure

of all eyes. The intrepid youth engaged a Mexican lancer in single combat, and, but for the timely assistance of Mirabeau B. Lamar, must have succumbed, wounded as he was, to his more powerful antagonist. Such signal bravery met with a prompt reward, and Lane was promoted, the day next succeeding the battle, to a second lieutenancy in in Karnes' cavalry corps. Young, ardent and adventurous, Lane found in the wilds of Texas an exciting field for the gratification of his daring nature. And his next appearance upon the field of battle was in a sanguinary fight with the savages, October, 1835, on Battle Creek, in the present county of Navarro. In this uneqal strife, twenty-five Texans held at bay, without cover, for ten hours, several hundred Indians. But four of the intrepid whites escaped the field of death, among whom was Lane, wounded and supported by his comrades under cover of the friendly darkness. General Lane was one of the first to respond to the call when the rupture between the United States and Mexico occurred. As captain of Company A, First Texas cavalry, he contributed in a marked degree to the American success at Monterey, and had his horse shot from under him in the assault upon the town. His company was in frequent engagements with the guerrillas and Indians during the occupancy by the American army of Mexico, in one of which he was shot through the leg. At the conclusion of hostilities Lane was a major, and retired from the scene of operations with a reputation second to none for dashing bravery and cool courage. From this period until the commencement of the civil war, Major Lane engaged in the mercantile business in the city of Marshall, Texas. Early in 1861 he was elected, without opposition, lieutenant-colonel of the Third Texas cavalry, and was engaged in the operations that culminated in the

battle of Oak Hills, in which engagement he had a horse shot from under him in a charge on a federal battery. The battalion of the Third engaged in the Indian campaign in the winter of 1861-2 was commanded by Lane, and the intrepid officer led in person the hazardous charge that swept the hostiles from the almost inaccessible heights of Chustenahlah. In this charge the colonel again lost his steed at the hands of an Indian marksman. The Elk Horn campaign followed close on this, and at the furious charge upon Siegel's ambushed division, a few miles north of Bentonville, Ark., Lane displayed a reckless disregard of danger truly sublime. The confederate army attacked, the next day, the enemy strongly posted a few miles back of Pea Ridge. Col. Lane had been placed in temporary command of a brigade of McIntosh's cavalry division, and as his command came upon the field, they were saluted by a discharge from a federal battery of six pieces, posted some three hundred feet distant. Lane immediately, in conjunction with McIntosh, led a furious charge upon the enemy, and captured the battery. Upon the evacuation of Corinth, by Gen. Beauregard, Lane, in command of the Third Texas (dismounted) cavalry, reduced to two hundred and forty rifles, made an impetuous attack upon the enemy in his front, and, though outnumbering his men in the ratio of five to one, drove him in great confusion from the field. So signal was his conduct upon this occasion, that the highest compliments were elicited from Gen. Beauregard. Upon the reorganization of the regiment in May, 1862, Col. Lane declined a re-election, and returned to Texas, where he speedily organized a splendid cavalry regiment. He was soon raised to the rank of a brigadier-general.

The brigade of Gen. Lane participated in the Atchaf-

alaya raid in June, 1863, and contributed in no small degree to the capture of Fort Defiance.

For the subsequent operations of Gen. Lane, we are indebted to the Encyclopedia of the New West:

"In the fatal attack upon Fort Butler, adjoining Donalsonville, a few days later, Lane commanded the force that took the town. On the 13th of July, 1863, in the severe battle of La Fourche, Lane commanded the right and Gen Tom Green the left wing.

"On the 3rd of November, 1863, Lane commanded a brigade under Green at the battle of Berbean, capturing four pieces of artillery, nine hundred prisoners, a large amount of stores, and came very near capturing Col. E. J. Davis, who commanded the First Texas Union regiment of cavalry.

"Lane was transferred to the coast of Texas, under Gen. Magruder, and remained there some time. When Banks' invasion commenced up Red river, in 1864, Lane was ordered to join Gen. Taylor, in North Louisiana. Being in advance, on the 7th of April, his brigade was the first to encounter the federals up in the field of Pleasant Hill. From 9 a. m. to 4 p. m., he held in check a vastly superior force of the enemy, until, being completely surrounded, and his ammunition exhausted, he deliberately cut his way through the enfolding lines, thus escaping capture. His loss was very severe, but the punishment inflicted on the enemy was far more severe.

"On the next day, April 8, Lane, co-operating with Gen. Prince Polignac, led a desperate charge across a field, cut off the right wing of the enemy, captured a great number of prisoners, one hundred and fifty wagons, and twenty pieces of artillery; but, in the moment of victory, he was shot from his horse by a Minie ball, which entered his

hip, when Col. George W. Baylor succeeded to the command and completed the triumph of the day. This was Gen. Lane's last fight of any importance. He was disabled for a time, but as soon as possible resumed his place, and remained at his post until the close of the war, in 1865.

"The character of Walter P. Lane is without a blemish. His fearless bearing in the midst of danger was proverbial, and he had as cool a head to plan as a daring aim to execute. His modesty is insurmountable, and it is only to a confidential friend that he can be induced to recount his many hair-breadth escapes at all."

In conclusion, we again have recourse to the pages of the excellent Encyclopedia of the New West, and reproduce an incident in the career of the heroic chieftain that will be of peculiar interest to the Texian reader:

"One episode in the career of Walter P. Lane will embalm his memory forever in the hearts of Texians. During the Mexican war, while he was major of Hays' regiment of Texas rangers, under Gen. J. E. Wool, he was despatched by the latter, with a small body of men, to go south in the direction of San Louis Potosi to discover all that was possible in relation to the movements of the Mexican army. There were two roads to San Louis Potosi —one by Matchuala, a large town, the other by the great *hacienda* of Salado, where the seventeen Texas Mier prisoners drew black beans, in 1843, and were shot. The two roads were divided by a range of mountains. Lane took the left hand, or eastern road, and actually penetrated to and entered the city of Matchuala, with its twenty thousand people and a garrison of several hundred men. He ordered and obtained dinner at a *meson* (a compromise between a hotel and a wagon-yard), announced that a large American army was near by, and feasted his men to their

full. Then, remounting, he retired obliquely across the mountain to the other road, and struck the *hacienda* of Salado. Seizing the alcalde, he ordered the resurrection of the bones of the seventeen martyred Texians; demanded mules, sacks, saddles, and all things necessary to bear them away. All were furnished, and the remains of the dead duly placed in transit on mules. Lane tipped his beaver to the alcalde and the assembled villagers, and bore those relics to Gen. Taylor's headquarters. That sturdy old hero deputed Capt. Quisenbury, a Texan, with an escort, to convey them to Texas. They were conveyed to La Grange, on the Colorado, and there, with all solemnity, in the presence of thousands, interred on Monument Hill, overlooking the country for miles around. Few know, even to this day, that to Gen. Walter P. Lane Texas is indebted for the possession of these mementos of a heroism never surpassed. The names of the seventeen martyred heroes, all being Texians, who drew the black beans and were shot as malefactors for an act of heroism perhaps unparalelled in history, were: James D. Cocke, a printer and lawyer, from Richmond, Va.; Robert H. Dunham, a sincere Christian of the Methodist Church; James M. Ogden, a lawyer, from Henry County, Ky.; Wm. M. Eastland, a member of the Methodist Church, from Tennessee, for whom, at a later day, Eastland County was named by John Henry Brown; Thomas L. Jones, a native of Louisville, Ky.; J. M. Thompson, Henry Whaling, W. N. Cowan, C. Roberts, Edward Esty, J. Trumbull, R. H. Harris, Martin Carroll Wing, a printer from Vermont; P. Mahan, J. L. Cash and James Torrey, from Colchester, Conn., a brother of Thos. Torrey, mentioned in the memoir of Gen. H. P. Bee, as one of his two companions whose lives were abjudicated by a council of Comanches in August, 1843, the third one

being Capt. J. C. Eldridge, also a son of Connecticut, an early Texian, now a paymaster in the United States army. To this list should be added the name of the old Caledonian chief of southwest Texas, Capt. Ewen Cameron, who, though he drew a white bean, was subsequently taken from his chained companions while *en route* to the City of Mexico, and murdered as a wild beast, by the order of Santa Anna, simply because he had been a terror to Mexican invaders of our southwestern frontier. At the first opportunity Texas erected a monument to his memory by naming the first county created on the Rio Grande, Cameron, an act worthy of the admiration of the gods."

But, to return to Gen. Lane, the Marshal Ney of Texas. With honor untarnished, and an inward consciousness of duty well performed, he quietly returned to his home in the beautiful town of Marshall, Texas, where he has since resided, without pretense or ostentation, his noble and brave heart pulsating in consonance with high-toned chivalry, and receiving the respect and unstinted esteem and admiration of all who love the true, the brave and the just.

The Dallas *Herald*, of April 1, 1874, contains the following sketch (from the pen of John Henry Brown) of the military services of the gallant old Texian of whom this article was written. A stranger might be a month with the general without ever suspecting that he had time and again ridden in the very face of death, and charged upon blazing batteries as gaily as he would have ridden down a fox, for his valor is only equaled by his modesty:

Gen. Lane came to Texas as a volunteer youth, to aid in the war of independence, and, like his bosom friends, Gens. Thomas Green and Benjamin McCulloch, first faced hostile guns on the fields of San Jacinto. It is noteworthy that

San Jacinto was the military birth-place of each of those men, afterwards so distinguished in Texas. The conduct of Lane on that occasion, a comparative stranger, was such as to win the admiration of his comrades.

His next appearance, so far as we can relate, was in the celebrated Lowegon's fight, in October, 1838, on Battle creek, now in the southwest part of Navarro County. In that contest twenty-two men, protected only by a prairie ravine, fought several hundred Indians from about 9 o'clock in the morning till 7 o'clock at night, when four only of the number, in bright moonlight, escaped, Lane being so disabled by wounds that he hobbled for twenty-five miles on one leg, supported by two faithful comrades, William F. Henderson, formerly of Corsicana, and Burton. Their escape and final arrival in the settlement at old Franklin, was as near the miraculous as human affairs.

In the Mexican war he was early in the field, and in every engagement added renewed lustre to his name, having no less than five horses killed under him in different battles.

When the war between the states began, he entered the service as lieutenant-colonel of Greer's Third Texas cavalry, organized at Dallas. His first smell of powder was at Oak Hills, Missouri, August 10, 1861, where his horse was killed under him in a charge on a battery. His next fight was that known as Chustenolah, against the Pin Indians, in the winter of 1861-2, where another horse was killed under him. Passing hurriedly from winter quarters on the Arkansas river, under the orders of Gen. McCulloch, he was in McIntosh's charge on the masked batteries of the federals, supported by infantry, four miles north of Bentonville, Ark., in which our troops entered the heel of a crescent-shaped column, resting on a sloping hill, receiv-

ing a direct as well as a cross fire from either side. Yet he, with some sixty others, passed through unscathed, while the main body fell back.

Next day came the main battle of Elk Horn, in which McCulloch and McIntosh fell, while Lane had an eighth horse killed under him in McIntosh's grand and successful charge on two batteries, supported by infantry.

Immediately afterwards, transferred to Corinth, Miss., he was in the battle of Farmington, and on the withdrawal of our troops from that region, Beauregard placed him in command of the rear guard of (if our memory serves us right) only two hundred and forty-six men. Charged by an overwhelming force, he met them with such havoc as to cause a panic and route them, killing incredible numbers. For this brilliant action he was complimented in general orders, read on parade to each regiment of the army.

Col. Lane then came west of the Mississippi and raised a new regiment, with which he went, with his accustomed constancy, into and through all the subsequent campaigns in Arkansas and Louisiana. In the meantime, for his many distinguished acts of gallantry and his uniformly good conduct as an officer, he was most justly promoted to the rank of brigadier-general, which position, pure and unsullied, he held when the fiat went forth announcing the surrender of the confederate armies.

With honor untarnished, with an inward consciousness of duty well performed, he quietly returned to his home in the beautiful town of Marshall, Texas, where he has since resided, without pretense or ostentation, his noble and brave heart pulsating in consonance with high-toned chivalry, and bemoaning the desolation of the once great county of his residence, wherein the poor, ignorant ne-

groes are largely in the ascendant. He is consoled, however, by daily intercourse with a band of old comrades, residents of his own town and county, including Generals Greer and Ector, Colonel William Stedman and others. who know his long and unselfish devotion to his country, and appreciate the noble traits of his heart.

General Lane has never been married, but has always occupied a high social position and dispensed a generous hospitality. After years of honest and prosperous life as a merchant, both before and since the war, we regret exceedingly to learn of late, that reverses have come, but in such manner as in no wise to lessen, but rather to augment, the firm hold he has ever held upon public confidence.

The author cannot refrain from reproducing, in this connection, a vivid description of this gallant action, from the pen of Judge Hogg, who was a member of the Third Texas Regiment:

"On the morning preceding the evacuation of Corinth by the Confederates under Beauregard, in May, 1862, we made a considerable demonstration on the front of our lines, in order to hoodwink the enemy, while the *materiel* and the main bulk of the troops were withdrawn. Among the forces ordered out was the Third Texas Cavalry, dismounted, under the command of Colonel W. P. Lane. About sunrise on the 28th of May, the regiment was ordered to 'double-quick' to re-enforce the skirmishers, who were being heavily pressed by a force of the enemy of vast numerical snperiority. After passing through an immense *abatis* and over a formidable *chevaux de frise,* we came up with our advanced skirmishers, and in full

view of the enemy's position, which was in a valley about three hundred yards distant, covered by a jungle of black-jack underbrush that completely veiled them from our view, while our position afforded no cover except large oaks, and we were denied their protection when it interfered with our alignment. As soon as we were discovered by the enemy, a galling fire was opened upon our line, and from the volumes of smoke that boiled up from the copse, and the deafening roar of the musketry, we were apprised of the fact that the encounter would be stubborn and deadly. The battle opened in earnest, now, and the firing became terrific. There were only 246 of our regiment well enough to participate in the engagement, and, owing to the enemy's heavy overbalance of numbers, and their more advantageous position, it behooved every man to avail himself of whatever protection the timber afforded. Each man took his tree, and, after discharging his fire-lock and reloading in that position, would advance to the next cover and repeat the performance. Colonel W. P. Lane, Major James A. J. Barker, and Adjutant Orlando Hollingsworth were the only mounted officers on the field, and, thus exposed, were excellent targets for the enemy's sharpshooters. We advanced but a short distance in the aforesaid manner, when Lane's favorite command, "Charge!" was given, to dislodge the enemy from his stronghold. At the spell-word, 'charge,' each Texian quit his cover, and dashed with wonted impetuosity upon the opposing ranks. The forest resounded with their dreadful shout, which sent a chill of terror to the hearts of the invaders. In full run, the Texans, with the fury of madmen, close on the lurking enemy, whose skill and power are spent in vain to check them. Over three thousand rifles are belching forth their death-fraught charges into the slim line of the

brave 246—still they come! Their wake is covered with the best blood of the nation—yet on they rush! They reach the fire-breathing thicket, and, without a halt, they plunge into its thorny bosom, when, in one chaotic stampede, the gallant brigade of Indianians, that Uncle Sam had entrusted with honor's post, made their shameful exeunt, leaving about forty of their dead and a like number of their wounded on the field. The flying enemy was pursued until the sound of the 'long roll' in the main camp warned the impetuous Lane that prudence counseled a halt. Of the boys from Cherokee, we found the brave young Abner Harris dead; Wallace Caldwell—the beloved, the noble Wallace—languishing under a mortal wound, and John Lambert severely wounded.

"Many were lamented on that day, but none more than that prince of nature's noblemen, the talented and chivalric Major James A. J. Barker, the pride of his regiment. He fell while gallantly cheering his men on to victory, as he had done on many a well-fought field. His gallantry and general superiority was the theme of every tongue that knew him. His name was inseparably connected with our ideas of valor, magnanimity, truth, candor, and fidelity.

"The Major had a presentiment of evil, and so informed his intimate friends on the morning of the battle. The dying hero fell into the arms of John Myres and Lem. Reed, who bore his inanimate form from the field of his death and his glory."

The author made many attempts to obtain a copy of the complimentary address issued to the army, by General Beauregard, on this occasion, but regrets that all his efforts were unavailing. If such a copy is extant, he hopes to be able to procure it, should a second edition of this work be demanded.—*From Ross' Texas Brigade.*

FINIS.

Dear Reader:

Before bidding you adieu I will say to you that I am neither a writer nor an orator. In the latter capacity I made a signal failure at Brenham, where I was in command of a division.

I got a dispatch, late in the evening, from General Magruder, that General Lee had surrendered, and for me to get my men to stand to their colors until we found out whether or not President Davis would renew the fight on this side of the Mississippi.

I sent word to my command that at 8 o'clock next morning at parade I had an important communication to make to them from headquarters.

Feeling that it was not only my military, but religious, duty to make them a speech on this occasion, I laid awake until 2 o'clock concocting it. At 8 o'clock in the morning, attended by my staff and headquarters company, I dashed up in gallant style in front of the command, who were drawn up in Hollow Square.

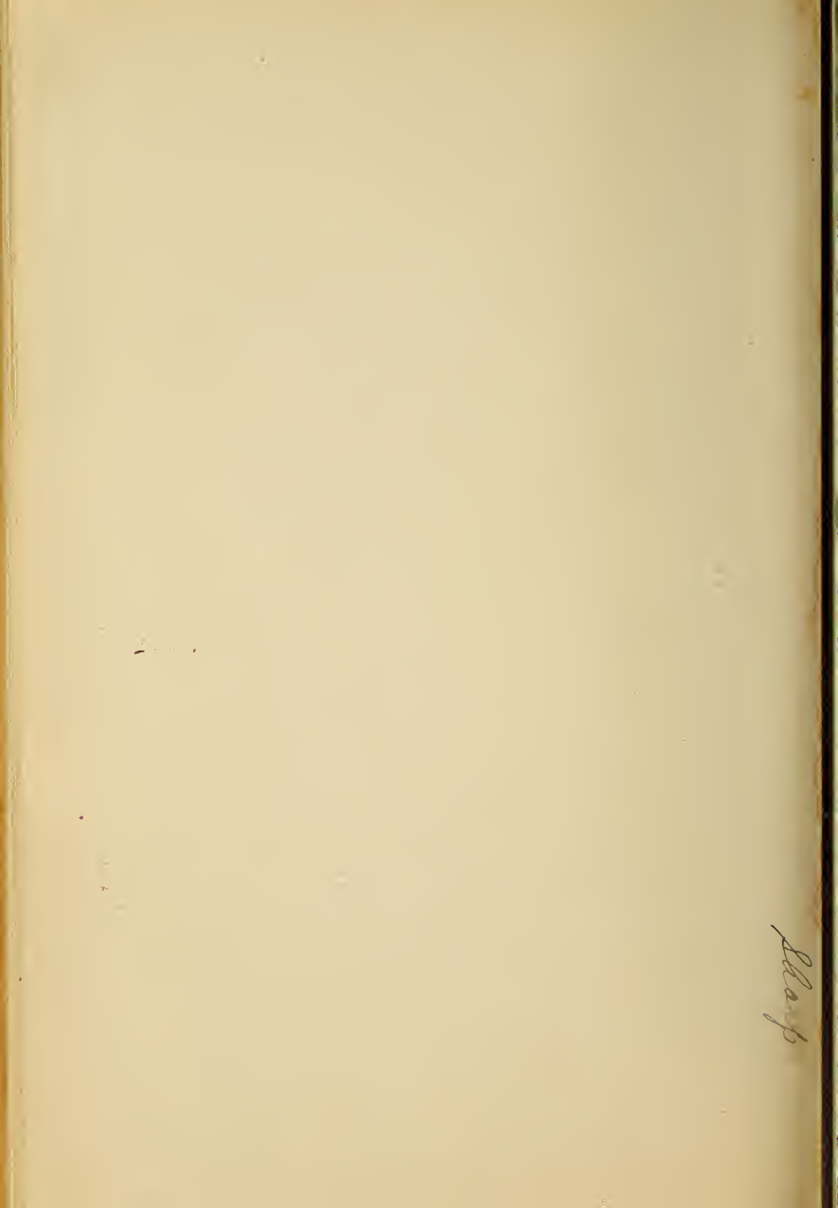
The order was given: "Salute!" "Present Arms!" "Stand at Ease!" I pulled off my plumed hat and gave it an oratorical flourish. Filled with the speech I had concocted the night before, I said: Fellow Soldiers! Just at

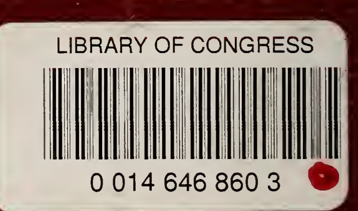
that moment the speech took wings unto itself and I could not recollect one single word of it. I have been sorry ever since that I did not write it down, as I would not have taken a "little nigger" for it. (That is at the present price of negroes.) I sat there and looked at the soldiers, and they looked at me in astonishment at my not going on; but, as I had totally forgotten every word of the speech, I had to get down off my oratorical stilts and talk to them like I had been accustomed to talk to soldiers. After explaining the situation to them, they all promised they would stand by their flag until they were regularly disbanded. All of which they did.

Now, dear reader, I will give you the book, such as it is, and say to you, as the priest said to my countryman who asked for his blessing: "You have it, my son; much good may it do you."

With kind regards,

WALTER P. LANE.




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